

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 21

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.
Office—9 Adelaide Street West. }

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
For Annual (in advance), \$3. } Whole No. 125

Around Town.

I am glad to know that my last week's article on wild-cat speculation has had its effect. While some comments which have reached my ears have been anything but complimentary yet in no instance did they come from disinterested persons, and I was fully prepared to incur the odium of speculators who care neither for the good of Toronto nor their own reputation for honorable dealing. I have been endeavoring during the past week to have a map made of Toronto and its suburbs showing the tens of thousands of acres staked out in town lots and as yet uninhabited and unimproved. Those to whom I have applied have assured me that the task is one which cannot be completed in a few days as the territory is so enormous, the surveys so numerous and in the outer rim the buildings so scattered. As soon as I can have this completed I shall be able to show exactly the airy nothingness upon which suburban real estate speculators are building castles for the credulous. I cannot easily describe the pleasure I feel in having done something to prick this bubble. Already many of the advertisements of wild-cat lots have disappeared from the daily papers and one of the journalistic sinners is posing as the one who dared to expose what it once advertised, as a fraud. I have not the slightest care who takes or gets the credit of the exposure. I intend to stick to my text till the boomers have abandoned their business though, as has often happened before, I find I have wounded some of my personal acquaintances.

What a queer, intangible thing friendship is! Except in a general and unsatisfactory way we never define its existence until some act of an acquaintance disturbs our serenity and we are led to declare the deed an outrage upon a long established friendship. Friendship is something upon which we can borrow but little money. It is something which we should be ashamed to urge as a reason why a man should endorse our note or assist us in a candidature for public office. It as often prohibits as promotes intimacies, it fetters criticism and prohibits investigation. It is nearly always urged as a reason why we should assist in doing a wrong thing for an unworthy man and hardly ever as a reason why we should do a right thing for a proper man. Like every other nob's sentiment it is apt to be the plaything of pretenders and the excuse of rascals.

Yet we all have friends, real true friends, and there was never yet one of mine who did not occasionally have a scheme or an ambition which seemed to me unworthy, and I can make a candid confession that I never yet had any proposition which I could submit to all of my friends without receiving such vigorous criticism that I felt at the moment friendship was but a sham and an excuse for wounding candor. The great trouble with us all is that we expect the friendship of others to be a commercial commodity, a something upon which we can obtain money or influence, and those who are most fixed in this opinion allege that it is but a poor friend who will not lend his assistance at a time of trial. This is doubtless true, but the time which tries friendships is not a commercial crisis, but the period in which a man needs upholding morally, not financially. When a man becomes bankrupt he has no right to expect his friends to rush in and pay his debts unless the circumstances are of extraordinary hardship, but when a man is maligned, persecuted and helpless then he has no friends if those who professed friendship do not stand beside him and face the frowns of a world which is too willing to listen to evil of those who are unfortunate.

Some time ago in my letters with regard to the Bahama Islands I reported an interview with Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G., and it appears that I slightly misapprehended his meaning, as the following letter to me will show:

DEAR SIR.—The facts of the failure of the Confederation question in Newfoundland, in 1869, are these: It was carried in the Assembly in March of that year by a three-fourths vote and had the elections been held that spring, as was urged by myself and others, there can be no doubt it would have been affirmed by the popular vote. The premier, Mr. Carter, decided on holding the elections later on—the fall. That delay resulted in a strong adverse vote, but neither he nor any one could have contemplated such a result, so the question of unworthy motives could not possibly arise. The case is historic and I would not willingly have it inaccurately stated or made the subject of unjust and unfounded inference. Yours, etc., A. SHEA.

Having been ordered by my physician to "take horseback exercise," I spent three days in Grand's Repository viewing the scores of saddle horses which were offered for sale and in endeavoring to select one which would permit me to ride on his back without having my liver and whole system so disorganized by the first trip that a second one would be unnecessary. Having been born on a farm I know something about horses, particularly how it feels to have one of them step on my foot on a cold day and how pleasant it is to have the animal, to whose toilet you are attending, reach around and sole upon with his teeth the portion of one's person which comes handiest. Then in the territories and Old Mexico I got acquainted with a number of horses, a few of which it is pleasant to remember. After having been away from the horse-kind for thirteen years I was astonished to find how timid I had grown and walking behind the noble beasts in the stalls I think I was as circumspect as I ever remember having been. I don't think I like auction sales.

I had selected some twelve or fifteen horses for which I intended to bid. The horse I wanted most was along towards the end of the catalogue, but I thought it best to get into the habit of bidding, so I started in with the first and bid right along until I got one knocked down to me. I admit that I had little knowledge of the animal I bought. After he became mine I went up to him and looked at him. A veterinary surgeon who was present told me that he was the second best horse in the building. I felt awfully obliged to him, for after one has bought anything, it is most comforting to hear it well spoken of; and that great horse with his iron-grey coat and round, reddish eyes was at that moment filling me with many doubts as to whether I could properly attend to his bringing up. As nearly every amateur horseman does, I introduced as many of my friends as I could find, to my new purchase. Those of them who found fault with him lost considerable of my confidence; those who praised him are now nearest to my heart. A horse is something like a dog; if you own him you feel bound to love him, and if you love him you don't want anyone to give you any "slack" about his good qualities or to call attention to his bad ones. Yet horses are a good deal like women; when you buy one—I mean a horse—you take great chances. I have been the owner or instructor of some three or four hundred horses and in that number I found not over a dozen really companionable animals. Those who love saddle horses will know what companionable means. A saddle horse must first of all have spirit enough that when you are riding him his lack of energy will not per-

mit you and make you feel as weary as he is. of any other period of like duration in my whole life-time. When I said good-bye to him he lifted up his cold and emotionless nose and touched me on the face—a voiceless farewell as affecting as any I have ever received. I remember when I broke him—breaking a horse is an improper term in the ordinary acceptance of the word, for colts have no bad habits and one merely teaches them. This five-year-old had bad habits. He had been condemned in the Mexican cavalry and was what is called in that country as *loco*—crazy. He pounded me around when I first mounted him until the blood flew out of my mouth and nose, and if he had continued his bucking another minute I should have fallen off, a performance which would have delighted the Mexican spectators beyond expression, as this sweet-tempered animal was quite a champion of the ring. When he quit his antics he quit them for good as far as I was concerned. One night when I was helping drive in the loose horses of the camp, I was on his back and going like the wind after the stragglers who persisted in browsing out into the night, all at once an immense boulder loomed up before us and as he leaped over it into the darkness on the other side I wondered whether it would be five feet or five hundred feet before we struck the ground again. He knew better than I did and regained *terra firma* without a jolt, biting the delinquent horses which were straying from the camp and attending to the business as if he had charge of the whole affair. He was a companionable horse, such a one as a man has but once in a lifetime. He seemed to anticipate every want and rendered his owner the delightful compliment of being ugly to everyone else.

will insist upon religious separation in matters educational. Among Protestants the tenets taught differ so slightly that no intense feeling is aroused, but with the Roman Catholics, whose hierarchy insists upon the sectarian training of the youth as necessary to salvation, it is a very serious question and they most decidedly regard the Bible as a sectarian book. As is admitted, every Christian sect is founded upon some interpretation of a portion of the Bible and it must be admitted that the occasional and desultory readings managed by Protestant teachers might have the effect of impregnating the mind of the Roman Catholic child with Protestant ideas. While the inspired book is certainly not sectarian in the sense of advocating in a partisan way dogmas held by any one sect the reading of it must be considered sectarian when under the management of anyone who has a strong bias in favor of any denomination. It would therefore be impossible for the court to hold that it was non-sectarian in sectarian hands. Nor should we urge that the whole book while inspired is non-sectarian when in its manner and method of presentation portions of it may be used for sectarian purposes. And while we may blame the Supreme Court for having decided that it is a sectarian book we must thoroughly understand that that decision was arrived at with reference to the special case in which sectarianism was deduced and practically the result of fragmentary readings from it. I have always maintained that children should be taught religion and morality but that the public school is not the place for the religious portion of the teaching. It is impossible for the teacher who

is altogether too fresh. In the beginning of his reign he laid himself open to criticism by what seemed improper treatment of his mother, but since then his career seems to my inexperienced eyes a wonderful success. He has shown ability, energy and sympathy unsurpassed in the character of any young sovereign since Alfred the Great. He may be petulant and variable in temper, but he is every inch Emperor of Germany, and probably has better reasons than we are aware of for doing without the advice of Bismarck. If he continues as he has begun, his name will be as illustrious in the history of the fatherland than that of the great Frederick himself. Youth is the most serious charge alleged against him. It has not been said that he is ignorant of any department of the nation's business; that he is idle or frivolous, or that he has shown the slightest disposition to sacrifice the glory of Germany to enhance his personal greatness. The disparagement of the young Emperor is largely caused by the jealousy of those who have been overlooked by him, but unless I am wrong in my estimate of his ambition, his aims are larger than the petty princelings who criticize him can comprehend. So far the victories he has aimed at have been those of peace rather than of war, and that he has been touched by the miseries of the poor, shows him to be the right royal occupant of the palace.

Owing to the crowded state of the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT this week the balance of the letters from Cuba and Florida have been postponed for a little while.

An organization has been begun to create a Bank Officials' Association for the city of Toronto, which is to consist of an advisory board of general managers; an executive to be elected from among the bank officials; rooms in a central locality containing a library, lecture and reading room, gymnasium, billiards and bowling alleys. It is proposed to have lectures by leading bankers economists, together with essays etc. It is a very praiseworthy idea and deserves to succeed. It is generally supposed that bank clerks have as much leisure as any of us who have to work at all, and an organization of this sort should certainly find liberal patronage.

The prosecution of a couple of local fortune tellers suggests that weakness in humanity—an endeavor to lift the veil of the future. It is a weakness so well defined that any volatile pretender can play upon it. When mankind have to be protected by hardheaded and unimaginative police and public prosecutors from being victimized by the shallow devices of imposters, we wonder what sort of stuff we are made of. Yet it is the most natural thing in the world to desire to know what is to happen, an impulse no less common among the rich and cultured than among the poor and ignorant. A lady who holds the finest china teacup in her jewelled fingers and endeavors to see strange lines of portent written in the tea grounds, is quite as superstitious as the girls in the boarding school who cluster about their companion who is said to be gifted as a fortune teller. In olden times the seer had power to disturb the plans of kings and oracles were consulted before any great campaign was undertaken. We think we have outgrown such superstition but in reality we are as anxious as the ancients to get a glimpse of to-morrow and quite as credulous. The evening of life may bring mystical lore, and coming events may cast their shadows before, but there is no greater absurdity than the idea that any human being has the gift of observing the unseen things of the future. Gypsies and other itinerants who have acquired a vast knowledge of human nature and can read character almost at a glance, make very shrewd guesses as to one's past and future, but they are nothing but guessers—most misleading things, exciting ambitions and hopes which in nine cases out of ten, tend to lead astray a credulous victim of an anxiety to know what is likely to happen. There is no more common wail at the end of a mistaken life than "if I had only known." We may know if we learn by experience and watch the fruits of folly and passion in others, but we can never learn by studying the stars, teacup or cards, or by visiting fortune-tellers and other imposters who pretend to more than natural foresight.

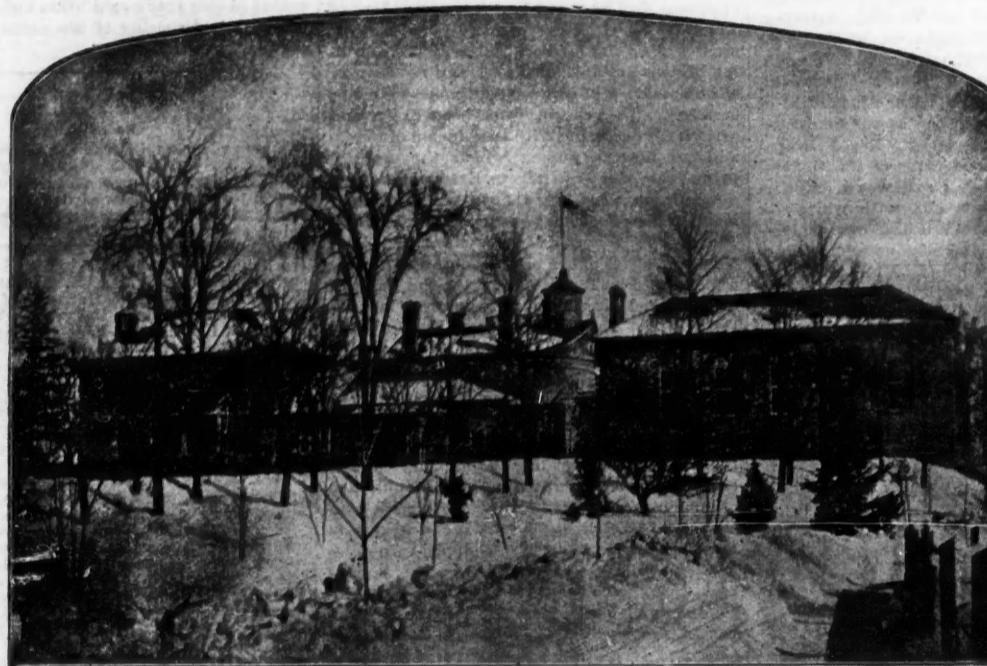
"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate
Except the page prescribed, the present state."

DON.

The Montreal Edition of Saturday Night.

A special edition of SATURDAY NIGHT, containing a large amount of Montreal news, has been begun with most flattering prospects, and we would ask our friends in that city to assist us, in the matter of information and correspondence, to make this paper as popular in that city as it is in Toronto. No expense will be spared to make the Montreal news columns as reliable and entertaining as possible, and in a couple of weeks new serial stories will be begun, so that all Montreal subscribers may have the opening chapters.

The young should be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats he who thus champions fate to the uttermost wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation to defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory was left undone.



Rideau Hall in Winter.

See Page 7.

There is nothing in the world more tiresome than riding a tired horse. No one can be gay or joyous if his horse is stumbling along ready to drop with fatigue, or with that inertia which sometimes makes beasts as well as men seem encumbered on the face of the earth. A horse must be proud and willing to disport himself when the public gaze is turned upon him, showing his best points and not dropping from a canter into a walk and stumbling about as if he felt ashamed of himself. He must have self-possession and not make it necessary for his rider to be continually afflicted by his petulant opposition to what is necessary. He must have an easy natural gait and intelligence to understand what his master's desires are, and muscular ability to meet the demands on his strength. If a horse possesses these things he is beautiful. I have seen mustangs in repose as homely as a long-haired, straw-fed colt, which, when saddled, bridled and mounted were as beautiful as the imagination can conceive. But last of all a horse must be companionable. He must have brains enough—I was going to say imagination enough—to enter into the plans of his master and take a pride in them. I once had such a horse, and though I rode day after day through an uninhabited country with no other companion than my horse I never felt myself alone. I could talk to my horse and I felt as if I had a loyal and loving companion. When we ceased labor to undertake refreshment the poorest fare seemed satisfactory to him, and with each mouthful he would seem to say, "Well, we are having a pretty hard trip; how are you standing, old fellow?" When I went to bridle him he took his bit as if it was merely a conventionality which he was willing to accept. The saddle he considered a compliment, and when I climbed on he was happy. I remember a ride which occupied twenty-seven days with this horse as a companion. Twenty days out of the time I did not see a single human face and yet I think of it with more pleasure than

If horse-trainers and those who have charge of the early education of animals which are to be so closely associated with mankind as saddle horses, were to develop this feature of a horse's character they would realize much greater prices than they do now. The animals they would have to dispose of could be taught two or three good gaits and would be of inestimable value to those who ride for exercise or pleasure. The majority of horses one meets are no friends of the rider; they hate you from the minute you get on till the time you get off. If you can stay in the saddle all right; if they can throw you off so much the better, and if they are really vicious they will try to kick you when you are down. There is no pleasure with such a horse; the continual alertness required robes the rider of that pleasant feeling occasioned by a walk with a friend or an exhilarating sail over the bay. One can drive an ugly horse without being thoroughly permeated by his nasty feeling, but one cannot ride a "plug" or "orner" animal without feeling the miserable sensation of disgust through his whole being.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has recently delivered itself of the opinion that the Bible is a sectarian book. It strikes one strangely to hear a judicial utterance on a question which has been so largely considered to be outside of legal deliberation. The case in question arose out of the reading of the Bible in a public school, and the Empire, from which I obtain my information, has a long editorial expressing its wonder that in a Christian country such a decision could be arrived at by a respectable court. The Empire is opposed to separate schools—or at least its political leader has expressed his disbelief in their utility, but still holds that religion of some kind should be taught in the public schools. As long as there is religious education in the public schools those denominations which have a sufficiently strong religious feeling to make it seem worth while to engage in an agitation

has any religious knowledge to separate him self from the bearing which that knowledge has upon his own mind, and therefore, to make the schools strictly non-sectarian we must leave the teaching of the Bible and the invaluable lessons to be drawn from it to Sunday school teachers, clergymen and parents. When religious training is left to these there can be no public complaint that an objectionable dogma is being instilled into the mind of the young. Those now foremost in fighting separate schools—a work in which I most heartily concur—are those who insisted upon the Bible being taught in our public schools. As Paul said to the Athenians, they are "altogether too religious." By endeavoring to force upon the public school teachers the duty which naturally devolves upon parents and spiritual advisers the demand for separate schools has been made to appear more just than it would have been had we confined ourselves to secular topics. Outside of the clergy, who seem anxious to shoulder a portion of their work upon school teachers, men who are entirely irreligious and profane seem to be the most anxious to force upon our educational system the task of making the next generation more religious than this one is. If the parents themselves do not respect the precepts of the good book, and feeling themselves unfit to inculcate the moral and religious lessons therein insist upon the school teacher doing it, still another blow is likely to be struck at the foundations of Christianity. So far Protestantism has not been destroyed by formalism, but if religion is to be taught with arithmetic and piety with spelling the children of Canada will be apt to view these subjects in the same light, forgetful that "things spiritual are discerned only by those spiritually minded."

The young should be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats he who thus champions fate to the uttermost wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation to defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory was left undone.

Social and Personal.

The smartest and largest house of the Abbott engagement last week was undoubtedly that of Friday. Miss Abbott's diamonds blazed their brightest, and her gowns, especially one of black worn in the last act, were the wonder of the audience. This last seemed to comprise many theater parties, for none of the usual signs of such affairs were wanting. Row upon row of gleaming shoulders and well-starched bosoms, great unpunctuality, together with much chatter, and an attention to attractions on the right and left more constant than that given to the stage and its occupants—all these things stamp the fashionable theater party as it is known in Toronto. Among those who graced boxes and stalls on Friday evening, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, the Misses MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Merrick Bankes, Captain and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Strange, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. Jack Small, Mrs. McRae, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Mackay, Mr. Sydney Small, Miss Ross, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Thomas Tait, Miss Buntin, the Misses Yarker, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Miss Fraser, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Cockburn, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Edward Jones, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Ross.

On the first three evenings of next week Miss Juch and an opera company studded with brilliant names are sure to draw rank and fashion to the Grand Opera House. I have already heard of two large theater parties, which are projected for Monday and Wednesday evenings.

As an untiring and popular leader of society, as well as a delightful singer and talented amateur actress, Mrs. George Torrance is well-known in Toronto. The role of composer is, however, a new one for this lady. Mrs. Torrance's first published composition is a valse entitled *Reve d'Amour* which is appropriately dedicated to Colonel Dawson and the gallant officers of the Royal Grenadiers. *Reve d'Amour* will be performed for the first time in May, at a concert in which it will share the honors with Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous English tenor.

It seems to me that in one respect, at any rate, Hamilton can give yards to Toronto. In the matter of amateur theatricals, Hamilton has always excelled. The Garrick Club of that city, which was organized very many years ago and which has promoted performances of opera and comedy several times a year since its foundation, is now more flourishing than ever, and has recently moved into a new and commodious club house on Main street. On Monday of this week I was one of several visitors from Toronto, who enjoyed the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar and of Mrs. Milligan, in two vivacious farces. The Garrick Club House comprises a pretty and well-appointed Bijou theater. The prosenium is fitted with all the necessities for managing the scenery of a play, the dressing-rooms are cosy, and the arrangement of the auditorium is all that the comfort and well-being of the audience can desire. What beauty and gallantry Hamilton contains, had flocked to the Garrick Club on Monday. And really there is more of these qualities in the Ambitious City than some people here imagine. It was an audience that would have done credit to any place, while the talents of those on the stage were very much above the amateur average.

In Toronto we have a fashionable amateur opera club, but nothing has been heard of it this winter. Can it be true that the founders of the club, who formed its executive committee have caused its comparative failure by a tendency to choose operas which they thought contained parts which would suit themselves, without paying proper regard to the merits of other members? Such charges have been made against these gentlemen, and they have replied that the salaried conductor had always allotted the parts. Yes, but to whom did the conductor look for his salary? What chances did he have of judging of the capabilities of any large portion of the members?

The annual meeting of the Trinity University Lawn Tennis Club was held at the college on Tuesday last. Mr. J. A. Abbot was elected hon. sec-treas. for the year, and Messrs. Loucks, Gemmill and W. H. White were appointed to serve on the committee.

Miss Campbell and Miss Strange have returned to Government House, after a visit to New York and Washington.

It is said that Mr. Hamilton, son of the Bishop of Niagara, is to hold the secretaryship at Government House, which was re-signed not long since by Mr. Harcourt Vernon.

Mrs. and Miss Oster of Queen's Park left the city on Tuesday for New York, where they will bid good-bye to the elder Miss Oster who leaves on Thursday for a trip to England.

It is rumored that a ball will be given at Government House in honor of the Duke of Connaught who visits Canada in May.

Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate, has been granted two months' leave of absence, and left the city Tuesday night for Quebec and Halifax, sailing from the latter city to-day. Mrs. Denison and Mr. George Denison accompanied the Colonel on his trip which is a pleasure one, pure and simple.

Mr. Edmund St. George Ivens sailed last week by the Umbria for England where he will stay during the next two years. He will be very much missed by numerous friends who have appreciated his intelligent mind and have always liked him for that bright open disposition which is one of his chief characteristics.

To-morrow will probably be seen the largest turn out of members of the society of St. George, which Toronto has yet seen. In addition to the men of St. George, the Sons of England and the Army and Navy Veterans, headed by the splendid band of the latter organization, will take part in the annual services at St. James'

Cathedral. The grand marshal of the society, Mr. H. K. Cockin, intends the procession to move off from the society's rooms at 3.10 sharp so as to have every one comfortably seated at least five minutes before the service commences.

Mrs. Charles Moss of Jarvis street entertained a large number of young people and college boys last Saturday between the hours of five and ten o'clock.

Miss Annie Parsons returned home last week from Cobourg, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Boswell for two months.

Mrs. Z. A. Lash of Grosvenor street will welcome a number of college boys and young people to-day between five and ten o'clock.

Mrs. Grantham and her niece, Miss Fannie Shanklin, will be At Home this afternoon at half past four o'clock.

Miss Fannie Boswell of Cobourg is staying with Mrs. Charles Parsons of Parklands, Queen's Park.

Miss Birchall of St. Vincent street has gone to visit relatives in St. Catharines for a fortnight.

Mrs. Wallis of Grosvenor street is home again after a couple of months' absence spent in the Southern States.

On Tuesday evening the members of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario held their first annual dinner in Harry Webb's parlors. The gathering was a large and brilliant one, thoroughly representative of the skilled business element of the city. Outside the members of the Institute the following guests were present: Messrs. J. E. Davidson, Hugh Blain, Dr. Hoekins, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Briggs, J. Herbert Mason, A. M. Smith, Henry W. Darling, Evan Buchan, Ald. Bousfield, W. Martin Flach, J. J. Tonkin, S. Davidson, J. W. Langmuir, W. S. Lee, James Headley, W. Kersten, Capt. James Mason and E. Bounfield. President J. T. Moore occupied the chair, and Messrs. H. W. Cross and R. T. Coady the vice-chairs. The retiring president, Mr. H. W. Eddis, was presented with an address and a handsome flower epingle. After the conventional toasts had been disposed of, the toast list took a form in keeping with the professional nature of the assemblage and many excellent speeches were elicited from some of the commercial authorities present. The dinner was in Webb's best style.

A pretty wedding ceremony took place in Old St. Andrew's church on Tuesday morning, when Mary Evelyn Milligan, second daughter of Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of the church, was wedded to James Fraser Macdonald, second son of the late Senator Macdonald of Oaklands. The marriage service was conducted by the bride's father, assisted by Rev. Principal Grant of Kingston, moderator of the General Assembly. The bride's gown was a daintily-fashioned one of white silk with white silk embroidery. She wore veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Milligan, wore white hemetia, trimmed with lace and crepe du chine. The hat was a large shirred one, with lily-of-the-valley garniture. She wore also a necklace of gold beads, the groom's gift. The attending groomsmen was Mr. A. A. Macdonald.

The altar was tastefully decorated with roses, lilies, palms, spires and ferns, while a dainty basket of beautiful roses stood on the pulpit. There were many gifts from friends in the congregation, and, too, beyond its limit. A handsome mantel clock and candelabra in silver and gold, was presented by the employees of the firm of John Macdonald & Co. This, with a profusion of elegant gifts of all descriptions, will effectively aid in gracing the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald. Among those present were: Mrs. Macdonald, mother of the bridegroom, the Misses Macdonald, sisters of the bridegroom, Mrs. Milligan, mother of the bride, Mrs. Grant of Ottawa, sister of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. Macdonald, uncle and aunt of the bridegroom, Mrs. Bowe and daughter of Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alcorn, Mr. John K. Macdonald, brother of the bridegroom, Messrs. Arthur and Duncan Macdonald, brothers of the bridegroom, Mr. Paul Campbell, Master William Milligan, brother of the bride, Rev. J. A. Carmichael, Mrs. Carmichael and daughter of Columbus, Ont., Mr. Clarence Boyd and Mr. Cronyn.

At the very pleasant At Home given by Mrs. Wilkins of Carlton street last week the programme was of a pleasing social nature but was not dancing as was stated in my report last Saturday.

Miss Nina Teviotdale of Bracebridge is staying with friends in the city.

A very pleasant At Home was held at the school house of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Tuesday evening on the occasion of the departure of Rev. George Nattress from that church to associate himself with Rev. Dr. Rainsford in New York. At the end of the evening he was made the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain on Tuesday evening by the Women's Guild as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by those among whom he had worked so earnestly for the past seven years.

Mr. W. A. Hamilton, the retiring secretary of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, was presented by the members with a handsomely-engraved locket and chain on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hamilton is leaving Toronto to take up his residence in New York.

Mr. Alexander Cameron has returned to the city from Europe, but Mrs. Cameron and his step-daughter are still in Paris. It is announced that this charming young heiress will be wedded in June to the Prince De Benyon Caraman.

Miss Bebbie Nairn of Jarvis street and Miss Susie Mackenzie of Sarnia left for Ottawa last Thursday.

The sudden death on Friday of last week of

Mr. Alexander Marling was the cause of wide spread regret among his friends. Mr. Marling's prominent connection with the Education Department of Ontario, which extended over a period of thirty-six years, made that circle of friends a large one. The deceased was born at Ebby, Gloucestershire, England, in 1832. He came to Canada at the age of ten and was educated at Upper Canada College. He took the degree of LL.B. in Toronto University. In 1854 he became connected with the Education Department, in which he occupied various positions till he attained a short time ago to the responsible position of Deputy Minister of Education. The funeral took place on Monday and was attended by many prominent educationists and the whole staff of the Education Department.

The Young People's Association of St. Stephen's Church hold a Rainbow Fair in the school room of the church on Thursday and Friday April 24 and 25.

Among the passengers sailing next week for Europe is Mr. Harry Leslie, who is leaving for a three months' tour of England and the continent.

A pleasant At Home under the auspices of the Women's Enfranchisement Club was held at the residence of Mrs. S. Campbell of Hazelton avenue on Tuesday evening. A pleasant programme of music and recitations was rendered, after which Dr. Emily Stowe delivered a short address.

response by Commander Law, R.N. Imperial Federation, by Past President J. Herbert Mason—response by Mr. E. E. Sheppard. Our Native Land and the Land We Live In, by 2nd Vice-President Charles Spanner—response by 3rd Vice-President David T. Symone. Sister Societies, by Mr. H. V. Green—response by His Worship the Mayor and others. The Presidents and Past Presidents, by Mr. P. H. Drayton. The Ladies, by Mr. George W. Beardmore.

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A pleasant At Home under the auspices of the Women's Enfranchisement Club was held at the residence of Mrs. S. Campbell of Hazelton avenue on Tuesday evening. A pleasant programme of music and recitations was rendered, after which Dr. Emily Stowe delivered a short address.

Art and Artists.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid invited a large number of friends to a private view of their pictures last Saturday afternoon previous to their being sent to the exhibition of the Academy at Montreal. Many availed themselves of the opportunity and their pleasant studio in the Yonge street arcade was well filled during the whole afternoon. I think it will be almost universally conceded that Mr. Reid's two pictures, *Mortgaging the Farm*, and *The Other Side of the Question*, are the best he has yet produced. When space is not so limited I hope to be able to give longer description of them. It may be safely predicted that they will absorb a large share of attention at the exhibition. Beside these Mr. Reid has some smaller studies and Mrs. Reid some charming compositions in flowers, still life and bits of landscape. Mr. Reid's picture, *The Story*, which was sent to Paris, succeeded in getting hung in the *Salon*, although over a week late.

Mr. O'Brien's delightful studio was also a center of attraction for many on Saturday and Monday. The large number of paintings and sketches of English and Canadian scenery, some of which I spoke of in this column some time ago, were viewed with great interest by the visitors. Mr. O'Brien will be well represented in this year's exhibition and will find no difficulty in disposing of his artistic and well-executed productions.

VAN.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

A very pleasant impromptu dance was given by Mrs. J. Sandford of S. atenborough on Friday evening, April 11; quite a number were present and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Those who participated in the evening's festivities were: Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. McKee, Miss E. Patterson, Messrs. E. and H. Kortright, Miss Reiner, Mr. and Miss Boyce, the Misses Mason, Mr. H. McVittie, Mrs. G. Eten, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. G. Fraser, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. J. Coffey, Miss M. Lally, Mr. R. Gillett, Mr. C. and the Misses Bird, Mr. H. Beard, Miss Knowlson, Miss E. Spottan, Miss K. McCarthy, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss K. Stevenson, Mr. J. Fairbairn, Miss N. Thomson, the Misses Henderson, Mr. F. Crease, Miss Telfer, Mr. F. Norman, Miss Lytell, Mr. V. Meeking.

Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall gave two small evenings last week for young people, each of which was a most pleasing success.

A delightful time was spent last Monday evening at Mrs. Daniel Spyri's, it being the occasion of an impromptu party. Dancing was the order of the evening as usual and was indulged in for several hours by those who were partial to this pleasure. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. J. H. McKeggie, Mrs. A. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Mackid, Mrs. H. McKeon, Daniel Spyri, Miss Brydon, the Misses Mason, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss Reiner, Mr. A. Boys, Messrs. E. and H. Kortright, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. C. and Miss Bird, Mr. H. Beard, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. A. Giles, the Misses Henderson, Miss B. Holmes, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss E. Spottan, Miss F. Knowlson, Miss K. McCarthy, Mr. F. Fairbairn, Mr. T. and Miss V. Meeking, Mr. F. Crease.

Miss Claude gave a very enjoyable card party last week for friends.

It is rumored that several At Homes and dances will be given this month, already there has been a perfect round of gaieties. Afternoon teas are still a favorite pastime and occasionally they are given.

Mrs. Plummer and daughter of Wellensley street, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. McCourt.

Miss Grace Campbell has returned home after spending six months with relatives in the Old Country.

OCULARE.

BELLEVILLE.

Miss May Clarke, a prominent young vocalist of this city, has left for Toronto where she intends to take vocal instruction from Mr. Haslam, Toronto College of Music. Miss Clarke is not only admired for her fine voice, but for her many amiable qualities.

Mr. and Mrs. Gearing of Brighton spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. W. Northrop at Offendenne.

Dr. A. H. Coleman of this city took the prize for fourth year Chemical Therapeutics, and won a place on the final honor list of McGill College, Montreal.

Dr. J. Potts of Montreal is in the city on account of the serious illness of his father, Mr. E. P. Potts.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie has purchased the old Holton homestead on Bridge street. It is undergoing repairs and improvements.

Mr. W. W. Maclean, Mrs. T. T. Tannahill and Mrs. George left last week for Hamilton. Mrs. George intends to visit Galt before returning.

Miss Mabel Burdette, the Misses Cory, Miss Tillie Carman, Miss Ethel Robertson, Miss Kathleen Bell and Miss Nettie Lingtonham have been home for the holidays. Miss Ethelind Thomas is also home this week.

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

ELAINE.

Perhaps nowhere in the world are such magnificent scenes, such delicious little bits of beauty to be found as in Canada. It is one of these panoramas I would describe with the eyes of a young artist, who, footsore and weary, stopped to admire it one bright summer day.

He was midway between two small Ontario villages, having walked some eight or nine miles. He sat on a low stone fence. Behind him was a dense wood, untouched by the hand of man and full of nature's beauty. The little wild flowers peeped modestly from the green sward, while ferns bowed gracefully with a slight breeze which stirred through the tall pine trees and, above the buzz of the smaller creation, the birds sang joyously to their Maker. Overhead, such a sky as Canada can boast loomed deeply, darkly blue, not a speck relieving the slate expanse. Before him rippled a fast flowing creek, the boughs of some hollow trees swaying in it, as it passed; and beyond, rising higher and higher till they seemed to reach the heavens, waved the pride of Canada, the glorious maple trees, glowing with the blush of early fall.

The stranger picked up his knapsack and sketching materials, from the grass, and rose to his feet.

"After all," he mused aloud, "nature isn't every thing, and I'm getting hungry, I think I'd better move on."

He made his way to the creek, and looking round, discovered a bridge, in the shape of a fallen tree.

"Seems as if the lightning knew what was wanted in this part of the world," he murmured, as he looked at the charred, and blackened trunk, and thought, what a mighty wind must have laid that massive tree so low.

Picking his way with care on this natural bridge, he paused to admire the view; and then, as he raised his eyes, they encountered such a beautiful pair that he started, straightway, lost his balance, and went down with a splash into the creek.

Fortunately he was near the farther bank, and managed to scramble up it, his knapsack, as well as his clothes, soaked through; but that was nothing to the pain in his ankle, which made him fall exhausted to the ground.

The young girl, who had started at his sudden splash in the water, and hurriedly from behind the clump of maples which had partly hidden her. In spite of his sufferings, Harry Hilton noticed her light and buoyant smile, as he looked at the charred, and blackened trunk, and thought, what a mighty wind must have laid that massive tree so low.

Picking his way with care on this natural bridge, he paused to admire the view; and then, as he raised his eyes, they encountered such a beautiful pair that he started, straightway, lost his balance, and went down with a splash into the creek.

He had heard a ringing laugh as he fell in the creek, but as the girl ran towards him the dimple disappeared, and a look of gentle comiseration took their place.

"Oh, forgive me for laughing," she said breathlessly; "I am afraid you are hurt."

Harry looked at the face above him, with an artist's appreciation of its blunted tints.

"Must have sprained my ankle, I think."

"The ankle must have it seen to right away, before it swells any." She ran a little way, calling out, "Jim! Jim! I'll fix it for you," she said, returning, "he did mine some years ago, when I fell out of a tree. Here, Jim," she went on, as a red-headed farm hand appeared, "look at this gentleman's ankle, he's hurt it."

Jim looking stolidly surprised at the apparition of a strange man, and that a gentleman, alone in such an out-of-the-way place, felt the injured limb with an expert hand, "Small bone out," he said, gruffly. "He'd best leave back lest he faints."

"Lean against me," said the girl anxiously. Accordingly, Harry leaned his head back, reclining in her lap, her hand close clasped in his.

"Don't be afraid to squeeze if it hurts much," she remarked, cheerfully, and in a moment he nearly wrung the little hand off, for without more ado, Jim laid it hold of the aching foot and, with a jerk, had it in place again.

"Now," said Jim, "I give you my handkerchief and I'll bind it up tight for you. You won't be able to walk for quite a spell, though," he went on, dubiously.

"You must carry him to the house, of course," responded his mistress, bustling about to gather together the stranger's belongings.

The foot being bound up, Jim lifted Harry, who was too weak to have any curiosity as to his destiny, and carrying him as easy as an infant made towards a tall clump of maples, rounding which they came upon a dainty cottage, completely hidden off from the outer world. It was a white brick house, discolored by age, one side covered with Virginia creeper, and the front a mass of roses and honeysuckle, climbing up the low veranda and peeping in at the upper windows. A bird cage hung from the center of the veranda, an old dog at the door lazily rose and stretched himself at their approach; and on a window sill reposed a couple of cats. Over the door, the visitor read carved in wood and painted red, "The Hermitage."

The girl ran forward, displaced the cat and wheeled a sofa to the window, on which Jim deposited his burden.

"Father's gone down to the pasture, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and I guess he won't be back for some time. Anything I can do?" asked Jim.

"Yes, you can get him some clothes out of father's room and dry his things. I'll get him something hot."

In half an hour she returned, bearing a small tray, and burst out laughing.

"Well, you do look funny. They're just miles too large for you, but I hope you won't catch cold. You must eat something right away; we don't have tea for a good while. See I have made you some coffee and here is some chicken."

Harry raised himself and while he did justice to the repast asked, "May I ask the name of my preserver?"

"Certainly—Jim."

"You know I didn't mean him. If I judged by looks I should say Rose."

"Then you'd just be wrong. Why didn't you think of me?"

"Because I didn't think you could have such an ugly name."

"I think it's horrid of you to call it ugly."

"Well, I always did think it ugly, but of course now it is pretty."

"What ho! Do drink some of my coffee!"

She seated herself on a low rocker and folding her hands softly together, remarked, "Do you know you are the first gentleman, except papa, I have ever seen."

"You don't say so! How is that?"

"Why, because there are none about here and I've never been out of the place."

"Don't you go to town in the winter?" he asked, glancing round the room, which, with its good pictures and tasteful though old-fashioned, furniture suggested a comfortable income.

She shook her head, "I never go, even to the village," she said, "Papa goes to Toronto four times a year; he brings me all I want, and we never see any one, he calls himself a Hermit."

"But you have been to school?"

"Never; papa has taught me all I know, I have never been in a school, or theater or a church."

"Is your father, then, an Atheist?"

"Oh no; I asked him once to take me to church, there is one five miles from here. But he said, 'go to the woods.' The little birds send up as much praise and thanksgiving to their Maker as any congregation."

"I didn't mind that so much," she said simply, "but oh! I do want to see a play. I have read of them, and they must be lovely; you have been to the theater, so you

can tell me. I hope your ankle won't get well very soon."

"Oh! I don't want it to hurt you; but you see it's so nice having a fresh person to talk to. You won't mind very much, will you?"

"Not if you keep my company, and will let me sketch you."

"Sketch me! Oh! now I am afraid you are laughing at me. I know this dress—with a downward look—"must be funny to you. You see, the fashion papers are so old when I get them, and try as I will I can never get the right effect."

"A dozen of the best dressmakers could have no better effect," said the young man; and he meant what he said, as his eye followed with pleasure the graceful lines of her figure, its natural charms set off by the simplicity of the white gown; and as he wondered how half the city damsels would look without the paddings or puffs and various artifices of fashionable skill.

"If you really think me worth drawing, of course you may. I'd like to have a picture for father. And I'll keep you company, too, any way till you've told me all about the great, big world I long to see."

"You are lonely then?"

"Oh no, I have papa, my books and animals, but I do want to see the world."

"Believe me you are happier here, not buffered about by hard, ungrateful people, but even in this out-of-the-way place you must have admirers."

He spoke in a bantering tone; but in her reply, and in the beautiful, truthful face, with its great wondering eyes, he saw what a child she really was.

"Oh yes," she said, "papa admires me, he likes my singing, and says I know as much as a girl need; and Jim says he thinks I am the prettiest girl he has ever seen."

So did."

She looked at him calmly.

"I am glad of that because you know heaps, of me, and Jim has only seen the farmers here. But here comes papa. Jim must have told you were here."

Looking from the window, Harry saw a tall, strongly built man striding towards the house. In spite of his old-fashioned and somewhat worn clothes, he had the unmistakable air of the gentleman about him. Harry noticed how small his hands and feet were, and that he had his daughter's blue eyes, though his face wore a sad, reserved look. He entered quietly.

"So you have had an accident," he said with a smile that lit up his face at the sight of the queer figure on the sofa. "Elaine, dear," with a look at her, "go see to tea."

"Why, you said—" began Harry, turning reproachfully.

"I didn't say anything. I merely asked you why you didn't think of Sarah," remarked Elaine as she departed.

"Come from the city?" asked the host, taking the vacant chair.

The old gentleman wants to know all about me," thought Harry; so he told him his name, that he came from Montreal, had been visiting parts of Canada reported so picturesque and of value to artists. He had wandered on, making sketches and taking in nature at her best, till, being told at the neighboring village that the country between it and the next was very fine, he had started out to walk the distance when the present misfortune befell him, "so that," he concluded, "I am lying here, incapable of walking unless you can lend me a horse to take me to the nearest hotel."

"I should not like to think of you spending the days of rest; your sprain will require in any hotel within a hundred miles. Suppose we put you up?"

Harry being an artist it was not so much the dread of tough beefsteak and greasy potatoes as the idea of transplanting Elaine's fresh young beauty to canvas, that made him exclaim.

"Thanks! very much, if you will keep me for a few days, till I am all right, I shall be deeply grateful."

"My name," responded his host, "is Weldon. I and my daughter live in utter seclusion seeing no one, but if you are content to rusticate we shall be glad to be of any use to you."

"You are too kind, and I fear I am an unwelcome intruder. Your daughter has told me you don't care to see people."

"You won't mind the hermit," he replied, with a sad smile. "My little girl can play the hostess," then, as if with an after-thought, "did you not say you were a married man?"

Harry could not forbear a laugh. "No," he said, "I am not married, but I am not dangerous;" he was going to add, because he was already engaged to a sprightly, black-eyed cousin in Montreal; but the door opened at that moment, and a buxom country girl, with short skirts, clumping boots, sandy hair, and a beaming face plentifully besprinkled with freckles, made her appearance, bearing the things for tea.

"What's the matter, Brenda?" asked her master, for the damsel stood open-mouthed, staring at the visitor.

Recalled to herself, she clapped the tray on the table, and made a bolt for the door, stuffing a large handkerchief into her mouth till she got safely down the hall, when they heard echoes of a loud guffaw.

"Excuse rustic manners," said Mr. Weldon, shrugging his shoulders.

"Guess I do look queer," replied the other. The girl did not appear again, but Elaine came and laid the table, producing a variety of tempting viands, and then, with a simple grace which would have been a grand dame. After that repast, Harry and Mr. Weldon had a modest game of cards, while Elaine brought music out of the worn piano and sang to them, in a fresh, happy voice of "rustling trees" and "rippling brooks" and "loving for ever" till Harry was helped up to the little room next to hers, where he still heard her singing softly to herself till he fell asleep, to dream of falling into the creek again, and a white-robed angel, with Elaine's face, bearing him off—away to the moon. Elaine herself leaned from her low window sill, drinking in the still evening air, pondering which of her heroes in fiction his most resembled, and concluding that he possessed all their brilliant qualities rolled in one, and that it was an entrancing thing to have so noble a creature under the same roof—one who could tell her all the ways of city life, describe the gifted women her books spoke of, teach her to play and sing better, and help her to read Shakespeare's beautiful plays in the right way.

Sweet Elaine! lying awake with her happy dreams of pleasures to come, little thinking that beyond all this the stranger already possessed the key to her untired heart; that, with his handsome face and winning manners, the way of the world of implying so much devotion and care, in his simplest actions to women he should in time almost unconsciously, open the floodgates of her affection and then, but a weak man after all, be unable to stem the torrent unwarmed by the flirtations of a fashionable girl, pent up for the master hand, his alone.

(To be Continued.)

Knew His Business.

Train Robber (to passengers in Pullman)—Be not alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, what few valuables you have left you are welcome to. I would be obliged, however, if some gentleman would direct me to the porter's quarters.—*Life.*

A Patron of Modern Art.

Picture Dealer—What is the class of painting you desire to purchase?

Customer—Very large, very dear, and by one of the newest painters; none of your old-fashioned hackneyed names for me!

The Romance of the Sugar Bush.

Did you ever do any sugar-making? I don't mean the scientific way in which it is done at present by some, but the genuine old style, wooden spiles and troughs, with "old Tom" and the "stone boat" to gather sap, draw wood and chore around.

To the mind of the uninitiated what a delicious picture sugar-making conjures up! An asylum where there is nothing to do but sit around on a mossy log, listen to the whirring partridge, the screaming blue-jay and the chirping chick-a-dee and watch the sap pall.

Nine-tenths of the men of my acquaintance are just aching every spring to put in a few weeks in the sugar bush; and to any who are thus imbued with this sugar-making spirit, I would say: Peruse carefully this experience of one who has been there, and govern yourselves accordingly.

There being three or four of us at home last spring, Jack and I decided to try our hands at sugar-making and have lots of fun.

I had, some twelve years ago, when a shaver of eleven summers, helped boil sap one spring, and had very pleasant reminiscences of that time. Others did all the work of course.

Determined not to let our chances slip by, in January I got a cedar rail, a brace and bit, and after sawing in my breast bone half an inch, boring, I got seven-five spiles ready.

We kept lookout for the weather, but it didn't seem in any hurry, and January slid into February, and February gilded into March, and still no weather. About the 25th, however, some fine days came, and at the advice of the "old veterans" we decided to tap. Jack shouldered the axe, hammer, and brace and bit, and we struck for the bush. How scientifically I handled that brace and bit! I was an old hand of course, and intended to surprise Jack. Imagine my consternation, however, to find when the sap began dropping that we had no vessel to catch it. That didn't floor us, however. We collected all the empty dishes we could lay hold of and with stone pots, milk pans, some jars, patent and tin pails, dish pans, butter crocks, etc., we hatched "old Tom" to the stone boat and rattled away.

Erecting the camp next claimed our attention, but that was a comparatively easy job and we soon had back logs and crooks ready. The dishes were soon full and we hadn't an empty barrel about the place, but Chris said if we hung up the pork and beef we could have those barrels. Making a virtue of necessity we did it, and after scrubbing them up and filling them with water we began looking around for the boilers.

We got barrels and boilers over next morning and, hanging the boilers on the crooks, we rolled in the back logs, placed the barrel on the stoneboat and struck gallily off to gather the sap. Jack was driving and I holding on the barrel half of sap coming in, but when crossing the creek "Tom" put on an extra spout going up the hill and as I was whistling Old Hundred and thinking profoundly I turned a back somersault into the creek and the barrel followed suit. Jack stood on the bank and roared. Perhaps I wasn't mad! The barrel was on top of me and the water was lapping fondly around my ears. Anger lent me strength and heaving off that barrel, I proceeded to uproot a tree to a slaughtered something. But the tree wouldn't uproot, so after shying a root at Jack, I made a bee-line for home muttering fragments of very emphatic language, while the water, dirty water, bubbled out of my boots and dripped off the end of my nose. I crawled in at the back door, and as the folks were out I had time to change my clothes and get back undiscovered. I bound Jack over to secrecy by threatening to reveal his love affairs if he gave me away.

Next morning I had a cold, a lovely cold. The folks remarked that I must have got my feet damp. I said perhaps I did and Jack snickered.

My cold wouldn't keep me from the bush, however, that day. It was our first boil and we're not proud when we drift in at night with half a pail of very thick and dirty syrup.

This was Saturday, and on Sunday I walked through the bush, on my way to church, and found the troughs—of which we had added a large number to our collection of sap vessels—running over. I felt like gathering them, but discarded such thoughts as very wicked, as old Gillys, who lived up the concession, threw away all the sap that ran on Sunday. We did not do that, however, and on Monday we had five barrels to boil down. Didn't we have to work though! We had to chop all the wood which consisted of old trees and limbs, and it seemed to take ten cords; my hands were all blisters. Jack's ditto; but we did it, and at night trudged home weary but triumphant.

Next morning, when we reached the bush, we found the troughs looking as if an earthquake or a cyclone had struck them, and the spiles were lying around promiscuously, with hair on the end of them.

A Wife's Discovery.

"Come to me, Robert, if you ever loved me in the old days, when we were so happy together in the quiet home that I shall never see again! Ah, if I never left it—or you! You loved me best, after all; but, then, I did not believe it."

"And the child, Robert. He bears your name and he has your eyes, your smile! For the sake of the child, at least, come to me, for I am dying, and I must leave him in your care. Your unhappy."

This was the note, written in a faint and faltering hand—a woman's hand, mind you!—the note that pretty little Mrs. Robert Strong picked up off the carpet of her drawing-room, where it had been dropped by her husband, in his hasty passage toward the hall and front door.

He picked it up, carelessly enough, at first. She was an honorable little lady, and would never have dreamed of ransacking her husband's private papers, or desk, or diary, as so many women would not scruple to do, if the occasion offered. Even this letter would have been laid aside till her husband's return, unread, had it not chanced to open in her hand, as she lifted it from the floor.

Her eyes fell on the first line, and the red blood rushed instantly to her face. What woman was this who asked Robert Strong to come to her, by the love he had once borne her years before, in the happy home she had left forever with another?

Little Mrs. Strong had a long, hard battle with herself before she could make up her mind to read that note.

But she did read it, at last, and having "eaten of the apple," like her golden-tempered ancestress in the garden of Eden, she instantly became as unhappy as she deserved to be.

She had been a governess in a family where Mr. Strong visited. Rich, influential, and still wondrously handsome, though he confessed to fifty-seven years of age, the stately bachelor the great "catch" of the season passed by all fashionable belles of his acquaintance, and actually offered his hand, his heart and his fortune, for the acceptance of the little grey-eyed governess, whom he had seen now and then, at odd moments only, as she passed, with her pupils, up and down the grand staircase, or through the hall in his friend's house in—

Of course she took him, and became Mrs. Robert Strong as soon as possible.

Yes, Mrs. Grundy was right there. Within a month of the millionaire's offer came his wedding-day; and then, after a short trip to Europe, the happy pair established themselves in a brown stone front, in the Empire City, under the full glare of Mrs. Grundy's sharp and stony eye.

But one thing Mrs. Grundy never knew, and would never have believed, had you told her till you were gray.

Of course the bridegroom was desperately in love with the pretty little bride. That, Mrs. Grundy was quite willing to allow.

But it also happened that the bride was even more desperately in love with the bridegroom, strange as it may seem. She was twenty, and he was fifty-seven; and every one would have it that she had married him only for his money and his luxurious home. In reality she thought him the handsomest, stateliest, and most agreeable man on earth. But the severely classic style of his really beautiful face; his stately form; his dignified manner; even the calm, firm glance of his deep blue eyes, frightened and awed her, she knew not why. She dared not show her love for him, even when she was his wife. And so he fancied, at times that Mrs. Grundy was in the right. That his money had purchased for him a graceful and lovely woman to sit at the head of his table, and to take his arm in all places of public amusement; a woman in whose care his honor was safe; but in whose heart he had no share.

It was a sad and terrible mistake, and but for the coming of this mysterious *billet-doux*, it might have lasted during both their lives.

Mrs. Strong, hiding that tell-tale note away, sat rocking to and fro in her own easy-chair, crying as if her heart would break.

This woman, this wretched woman! Her husband had gone to her, was with her even then. How dared he leave his wife like that. And the child? What child? whose child?

Again the red blood dyed her lovely face. They had no child. Perhaps he might have loved her better—well, come what would, she would follow him now, and know the worst.

"Mrs. Grundy," since their marriage, had often whispered tales to her husband's discredit, which she had refused to hear; now she would see and judge for herself.

Going up into her own room, she summoned her maid, and confided a part of the miserable story to her, not implicating her husband in any way; but inducing the girl to provide for her the disguise of a servant's dress, and to accompany her, in a cab, to the address named in the note.

Leaving the girl at the foot of the stairs, the unhappy little wife stole up one flight, and listened.

A tall, bony-looking woman came out of a room opposite, with her apron to her eyes. It was the landlady of the house, who had been bidding her dying lodger a last farewell, and who failed to see the intruder as she left, to her own room.

The door of the sick room being left ajar, Mrs. Strong saw and heard without any difficulty.

On the bed lay a wasted yet beautiful woman, young and still attractive, but dying—dying fast. Beside the bed sat her husband, holding the sufferer in his arms, wiping the cold drops from her forehead with a gentle hand, and talking to her in a low tone.

"Elise, be at rest, be at peace!" he was saying. "For our dead mother's sake I forgive you, even as she would have forgiven you if she had lived."

"You swore that you would not, Robert!" gasped the dying woman, with a look of pain.

"Hush, dear! Forget it, as I do. I was hard, and cold, and proud in those days, and I thought I could even see you as you are now without forgiving you. But, Elise, since then I, too, have learned to love, and I know better how to pity you. The man you married was unworthy of you, but you loved him, and for years you have suffered for his sake. I honor you for it now, Elise, as much as I blamed you once. Only wish I had found you sooner. So much suffering, of body and of mind, might have been spared if you had only written to me before."

"I was proud, too, my brother," she said, faintly. "But, Robert, what has changed you so? You are gentle as a woman. I hardly know you now."

"I tell you that I, too, know what it is to love, Elise," he said, sadly. "I have a dear young wife, whom I treasure like the apple of my eye. She does not love me yet; she feels only gratitude toward the man who rescued her from poverty. But, one day, I hope to win her heart, Elise, if you live—"

"I shall not live. I shall never see your wife, Robert. But my boy—"

"She shall be mother to him, dear. She will love the child, even if she cannot love me, and he will be a link."

Touched to the heart with contrition, the little wife retraced her steps, summoned her servant, and drove toward home.

On the last moments of the dying she felt that she had no right to intrude.

But for the living—for the living who loved her—surely she might be taking thought and care.

Two hours later, Robert Strong opened the door of his own house with a latch key, and crossed the hall noiselessly towards his study. In his arms he bore a heavy-looking bundle. His face was pale, his manner anxious, and he looked round once or twice, as if dreading the presence of some unseen watcher, though the house was still and all the servants had gone to bed.

Turning up the gas in his study, he laid his

bundle down on the sofa, and throwing back the heavy cloak, disclosed the pretty face of a sleeping child some three or four years old. He stood looking down upon the infant for some time, with a thoughtful air.

"What will she say?" he exclaimed at last, aloud.

And suddenly he became aware of the presence of his wife, who stood just within the study door, looking at him with a tearful, tender gaze, such as she had never dared bestow on him before.

"Say! Oh, Robert, what can she say except that she loves you, and wishes to do, in all things, exactly as you think," she murmured, coming nearer, with a look of timid love not to be mistaken even by his long-blinded eyes.

His pale, calm face flushed suddenly; his deep blue eyes grew bright and full of tenderness.

"My darling, do you mean what you say?" he asked, holding her a little away from him. "I think, I have long fancied that you could not and did not love me. I am so many years older than you."

"And so many years wiser, better, dearer," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, if you had been a poor day-laborer I would have married you all the same. I never loved any any else. I love you with all my heart and soul! Is that enough?"

He opened his arms. Blushing and smiling, she flung herself upon his breast, and this lips met in a kiss such as during all the months of their marriage they had never exchanged before.

"This child is the son of my only sister, who, after my mother's death, made a secret marriage that nearly broke my heart," he said, after a long pause. "Poor Elise died, an hour ago, in my arms, forgiven and at rest. My darling, will you love the child for her sake, and for mine? I promised her that you would be a mother to the boy."

"I will be all that you ask, or wish," said the happy wife, kneeling beside her husband's chair, and laying her bright head upon his knee. "But now, I too have something for you to forgive."

And she told him the story of the strange letter; the story of her jealousy, and of its sudden and final cure. He heard her in silence, to the end, and then he raised her from the ground, and held her to his heart once more.

"You will go with me to see poor Elise buried, my love," he said, with a gentle kiss.

And nestling quietly in his arms, with her white hand playing with his still softly curling hair, the young wife knew that she was forgiven, and that her husband's heart was all her own.

What's in a Name?

They say there is a girl in Clinton, North Carolina, bearing the name that follows: Sampson County Beauty Spot Nicholas Parker. Forget Me Not Cilia Johnson.



Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale,—you know the rest.

From his circled arms upspringing,
With a year's turn away,
And his voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her fits and convulsions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pleas' Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now in full health again. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies, but must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. It takes in time, and gives a fair trial, will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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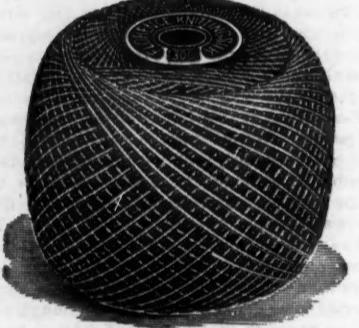
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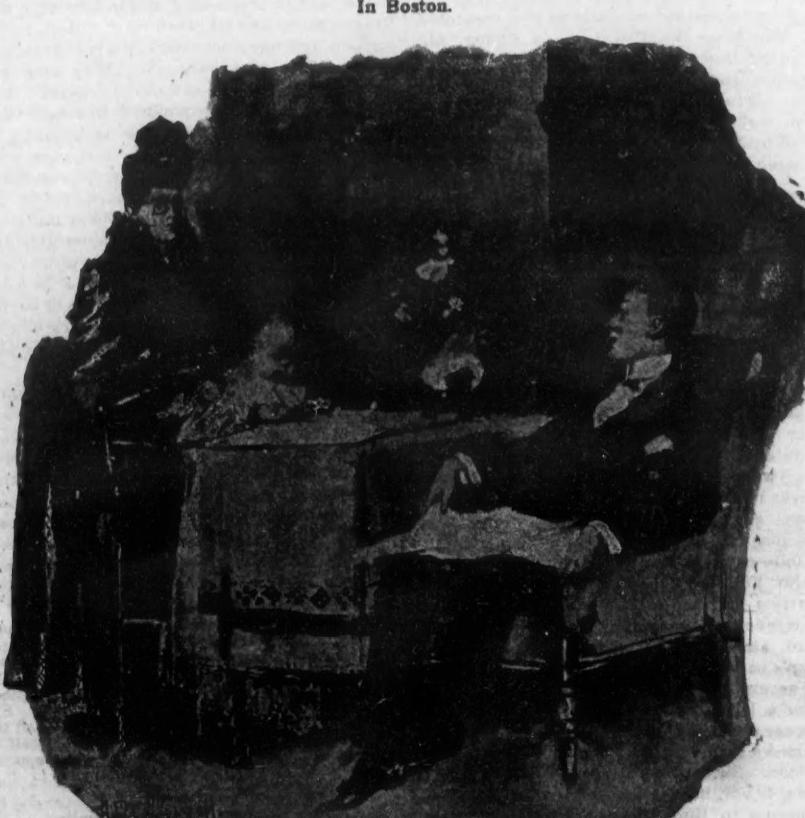
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In Boston.



Sophomore—You've a very accommodating baby, Cousin Priscilla.
Mrs. B.—What is he doing now?
Sophomore—Correcting my Thesis in Philosophy.—Life.

A Realistic View of a Battlefield.

This is how the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir looked to a sergeant of the 79th Highlanders: The sights of the battlefield were gruesome; one man looked at them in cold blood. The artillery had wrought fearful havoc. I remember one heap of twenty-four corpses, some blown absolutely into fragments, others headless, others with limbs lopped off. Some of the dead Egyptians were roasting slowly as they lay; their clothing had been ignited and was still smouldering. A man of the Rifles came along, drew his pipe from his pocket, and lit it at one of those bodies, reflecting somewhat brutally it struck me: "By—, I never thought I should live to use a dead Egyptian for a light to my pipe!"

In the outer trench our dead and wounded lay more thickly than those of the enemy; but in the inner trench there were certainly ten Egyptians. In the redoubt the black gunners lay dead or wounded almost to a man; for they had been fastened to the guns and to each other by small chains attached to ankle-fetters, so as to leave them free to work the guns but hindering them from running away.

The Wise Old Mother.

A judge of much experience says: "I have never had a breach of promise case before me in which the mother of the girl did not know more about it than her daughter. She always suspects the fellow is a rascal, and accordingly gets ready for him."

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VOL III] TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1890. [No. 21]

Reportorial Experiences.

Among the many phases of life and conduct which present themselves to the reporter for the modern journal, none is more individually interesting than the manner in which the profession is regarded by the public. Despite the fact that the newspaper is an institution of long standing and that its roots, so to speak, have taken hold in every town and cross-roads village, it is still largely enwrapped in a mist of mystery as far as the public is concerned. Only those who occupy official positions of importance, which of necessity bring them into almost daily contact with the representatives of the press, get to have an intelligent idea of the relations in which they stand, the one to the other. Outside of these the largest kind of misconception prevails. The prevailing tendency is to meet the advances of the reporter with either abject subserviency or high-blown insolence. This seems to be largely the result of a very general belief that the representatives of the press are possessed of supernatural powers which enable them to divine secrets and mysteries unintelligible to ordinary persons. They are regarded in much the same light as detectives. Again, many are possessed with the idea that reporters are possessed of an enormity of assurance against which taunts are feeble and insults are vain. The "cheek of a reporter" has almost become a by-word. Although it is necessary for a newsgatherer to stand his ground in some cases where it left to himself he would prefer not to do so, and although some reporters are "cheeky," no greater mistake could be made than to imagine that these are characteristics inseparable from the calling. A few black sheep do not impart their color to the rest of the flock. As a matter of fact by far the greater majority of writers for the press are men of higher culture and more sensibility than those whose doings and sayings they record. The wide range of associations into which their work brings them may have the effect of making them somewhat indifferent to the claims of caste or class, and the facilities which it affords them for knowing the real characters of men may have a tendency to make them cynical, morose and careless. But to think, because of these things that, as a class, reporters are largely devoid of the ordinary feelings and sensibilities which are vouchsafed to the rest of humanity is a most egregious mistake.

The tendency of the press of the present day is decidedly aggressive. To satisfy the all-devouring necessities of the big dailies of our largest cities every walk of life has been invaded and every field of action is being gleaned by workers whose activity does not stop with the setting sun. The fierce light of publicity shines on both good and evil, wisdom and frivolity. It has often been questioned whether this fierce struggle for the collection of news does not lead men to resort to devices that are unworthy of a gentleman. It does, sometimes. But it does so only when the ungentlemanly instincts are inherent in the man. Reporters may not be paid salaries that are princely in this country, but the struggle for existence has not yet reduced them to that point where any journal can force them to sacrifice their honor for its sake. One of the best and most widely read newspapers on this continent, in discussing this question recently, said that it made it a point to see that its reportorial staff was composed of nothing but gentlemen and it never asked them to do anything that demanded the forfeit of that honorable title. And yet its news columns, for completeness and interest, are not surpassed by any paper in America.

It would not be difficult for any newspaper man, were he disposed, to multiply instances where the ungentlemanliness was entirely on the other side. An instance may be given to show how some people still regard reporters, and illustrating a kind of reception which they sometimes receive. In this city not long ago a fashionable wedding was taking place, and a reporter from one of the daily papers was detailed to write an account of it. He arrived at the church a short time before the ceremony, and, looking for information, he was sent to the vestry where some of the groomsmen were assembled. Approaching one he politely stated his errand. The man whom he addressed merely stared at him a moment, then turned his back and said, "Go away. I do not want to have anything to do with you." The reporter smothered his wrath and departed without a word. It is not claimed that reporters are any better than they should be, but when they go about their business like gentlemen they should be treated as such. At present the preponderance of courtesy and rudeness is not on their side and while such men as the one mentioned above exist short lectures on how to treat pressmen are not out of place.

All lines of the human face, I think, have something touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great opportunities and great strength. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of physical feebleness.

MUSIC

After the intense excitement and great artistic success of the unrivaled Emma Abbott Opera Company, we have had a lull in musical events this week which has enabled us to regain our consciousness of things terrestrial, and to cast an eye on the doings in our art in our own city. There being nothing to chronicle in the way of concerts in the immediate past, we may consider the future for a few moments. On Monday we shall have a rare treat in the short visit of the Juch Opera Company. The public wildly ran to hear the Abbott show, and to look at Emma's millinery, and I hope that legitimate operatic enterprise, based on musical excellence, and not so extravagantly heralded, will meet with similar pecuniary reward. Miss Juch is a charming singer and a charming woman, and has brought together a company of well-known people who are all very favorably ranked. She has a large chorus and an excellent orchestra under Adolf Neuendorff, a capable musician, and some exceedingly enjoyable performances may be expected. Miss Juch appears on Monday evening in Faust and on Wednesday evening in Carmen, the company playing William Tell on Tuesday evening and Der Freischuetz at the Wednesday matinee. Young Blatchford Kavanagh, the celebrated young boy soprano of Chicago, will sing at the Metropolitan Church on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. This young lad has achieved quite a reputation in the States and is spoken of as a wonder.

The Toronto Vocal Society has changed its date to next Thursday, when it will give its second concert of this season. A fine selection of the music adapted to its class has been prepared and the committee has spared no pains to present an acceptable concert. The Philharmonic Society has placed its dates for Monday and Tuesday, May 19 and 20, for its public rehearsal and concert respectively. The officers of the Royal Grenadiers are preparing a fine programme for their annual entertainment on May 13 and 14. Turn Him Out, a sparkling comedy, is being rehearsed, and will be followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's Trial by Jury, with Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Messrs. A. B. Cameron, Douglas Armour, J. F. Thomson, J. A. Macdonald and Cecil Gibson in the cast, the whole performance to close with a musical and military spectacular scene, arranged by Mr. E. W. Schuch, entitled A Night in Camp.

Two weeks ago there was a letter in these columns signed "Apollo," voicing the wishes of the more earnest and ambitious instrumentalists in the city in regard to the establishment of a professional orchestra. There can be no doubt as to the desirability of such an organization, and in speaking in favor of such an enterprise, I do not in any degree wish to detract from the appreciation of the excellent work done by Mr. Torrington and his band. The time has come when Toronto should be able to support, in the various ways accessible to such bodies, an orchestra composed of the better class of professional musicians and of such men only. When I use the word "support," I mean, however, that this acknowledgment on the part of the public must first be earned by the performers themselves. In every business that is launched into life, a certain amount of capital or its value in time is expended before the wares can be offered for sale, and this investment is of course made by the parties most interested—by those who hope to reap the ultimate gain.

This being the case then in every business under the sun, why should the rule not apply in the case of a permanent orchestra? I know that in other cities large sums have been subscribed in the way of guarantees, subsidies, or the like, and excellent concerts have been given to the delight of everybody who heard them, and that many will say that the same course should be followed here. The answer to that suggestion is that it has been done here to a limited extent, but not sufficiently to secure good results, and in the present state of the general public interest in orchestral music here great pecuniary aid cannot be at once expected. Besides this, our wealthy people have not yet made it a general rule to spend their money on artistic objects in such a way as to benefit the public at large. They rather spend—when they spend money on art at all—their money on the beautification of their very own private surroundings.

As this horn of the dilemma cannot be changed, let us see what might be done with the other prong. Obviously those who will derive the greatest ultimate material benefit from the establishment of a permanent orchestra, are the performers themselves. They will obtain good practice, a little more income, a musical atmosphere and higher aims. Unfortunately, as a rule, musicians are apt to attach but secondary importance to any of these advantages except the increase of income. In the past they have always shown themselves too ready to exact their pound of flesh, and too ready to give the full equivalent in return. It is not too much to say that in the last ten years there has not been one complete—that is, absolutely fully attended—orchestral rehearsal held in this city. The musicians are to blame for this and, while they show this disposition, can never expect any one to take up their cause with enthusiasm or sympathy. As the greatest benefit will ultimately accrue to them, they are the ones who should make the sacrifices to establish their wishes. That once done, and worthy results shown as a consequence, they will have no need to complain of lack of appreciation.

Let them consider their time and their skill as their capital for this venture and the problem is solved with a practical and common sense solution. Suppose a series of four concerts is instituted for next season on such a basis as this: An orchestra of thirty good men whose services are valued according to proficiency and the style of instrument played, just as they are now when paid for in the ordinary way. The men give eight rehearsals for each concert, and for rehearsals and

concert are credited with their fee, subject to fine for absence from rehearsal. The conductor's services are valued in the same way, and he is credited with his fee as the men are. A business manager is selected, who shall perform his services, and receive credit for them in the same manner. Then the concerts are given—with an actual expense for the following items only: Fees of soloists (outside the orchestra), rent of concert and practice rooms, music, advertising and printing. At the end of the season a balance is struck, and the surplus, large or small, is divided amongst all interested in proportion to the amount at their credit.

By such a plan as this all have a like interest in the success of the scheme, and each man's emolument depends upon his own promptitude, regularity and efficiency as well as upon the general excellence. The men will feel that they are building up their own commonwealth, not the interest of a moneyed impresario, and all their tendencies will be conservative, as well as ambitious yet peaceful. Excellence will result from enthusiastic and regular practice, and the public will not withhold its countenance or its money. It always respects those who help themselves, and such an organization will find itself no exception to the rule. The very manhood that assumes the risk of paying for its own work itself, instead of crying out for others to pay for it, will command both respect and success. How think ye, gentlemen? Is there too much of Bellamy's Looking Backward in this Toronto Public Orchestra?

The song which yielded Sig. Edward Rubin such a handsome royalty from its English publishers, On the River, has been published by Messrs. Nordheimer. It has a really rare combination of musical excellence and popular melodiousness.

A young lady, recently a pupil of Mr. Harry M. Field, went to Brussels to finish her education. On taking piano lessons from M. Van Dam, one of the principal piano teachers at the Conservatoire in that city, he was so pleased with the excellent method she had received, that he sent Mr. Field several pieces of his own composition as a professional and fraternal compliment.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Mr. William Haworth's play, Ferncliff, which was played at the Academy of Music last week, is not a play of the first class. It is, however, a superior specimen of the so-called popular plays, which are at present probably the most profitable form of the drama that is placed on the boards. In the first place the author of Ferncliff knew on which side his bread was buttered when he made it a play of the American civil war. It will be many a long day yet before the people of the United States become indifferent to the reminiscences of the strife, which more than all else invested them with nationality. A war play, if made inoffensive to both those who fought, or whose fathers fought, on the sides of the north or the south, as Ferncliff is, cannot fail to attract the American people. In the second place the author has kept his work fairly well within the bounds of possibility, although in a few instances the action piles up too quickly and dramatic effect has been obtained by the sacrifice of truth. Yet he has made of it a play which cannot fail to be popular, and which will easily bear being seen more than once. The story is that of a young married man—Tom Hewins—who, though very willing to enlist, was prevented from doing so by his father and his wife. The villain, who was a former lover of Tom's wife and has not got over it, by some means succeeds in having Tom drafted, which means that he has to go to the war or send a substitute. This substitute is easily found in Tom's brother Jim. After a time Jim returns home for a short visit, but does not see Tom, who is away. The villain sees him, and after he has gone, tells Tom that Jim had deserted. Tom believes him, for he poses as a friend of the family, and feels called upon to go to the war and fill his brother's place. After Tom goes, the family get into financial difficulties, the villain is kind, and finally news comes of the death of Tom. The villain presses his suit with Tom's supposed widow. She finally consents to marry him, but on the evening of the marriage is to take place both Tom and Jim return, villainy is exposed and all is well. The character of Dad Hewins, Tom's father, is well drawn and strong. It was well presented by Mr. John Woodward. The author, Mr. William Haworth, played the part of Tom Hewins, and Mr. Thomas McGrath that of Jim. Interlaced with the foregoing plot is some light comedy business which was well acted by Mr. John B. Maher and Miss Rebecca Warren.

The Still Alarm, which occupies the boards at the Grand this week, is a good example of the invasion of the drama by realism. Just as plays have been built around a tank of real water, around trained horses or dogs, so has The Still Alarm been constructed around a steam fire engine. As Du Maurier's famous aesthetic couple looked at their cup and saucer and said, "Let us live up to it," the authors of The Still Alarm looked at the \$7,000 steam fire engine and said, "Let us write up to it," and they did. That it contains the elements of popular success goes without saying. In the two great centers of London and New York it has had long and profitable seasons, and yet for dramatic worth it is unequal to Ferncliff. Its story is briefly as follows: Jack Manley is a clerk in the employ of Mr. Franklin Fordham and is engaged to be married to Elinore, Fordham's daughter. At this juncture appears on the scene Mr. John Bird, alias Gorman, who was formerly Fordham's partner in the drug business. Mr. Bird is, naturally, a villain. He holds in his possession a letter of Fordham's which makes it appear much as if Fordham had at one time helped a man out of the world with a dose of poison. Bird is really the guilty man, yet as great is Fordham's fear of this letter that he consents to Bird's terms. Bird's terms are that Elinore shall marry him and that Jack Manley shall be dismissed summarily. Elinore is informed of her father's position and dismisses her lover without giving him any reason for

doing so. After a time Jack Manley gets a position in the fire department. Doc Wilbur, a very dissipated old wretch but a friend of Jack, had at one time been an associate of Bird's in abducting another of Fordham's children. With this secret he tries to extort money from Bird. In a stormy interview Wilbur accidentally gets hold of the letter which Bird held over Fordham. He sends it by a messenger to the fire hall addressed to Jack Manley. Bird discovers the loss, finds where it has been sent and after tying Wilbur in a room, he starts to intercept the messenger. He gets to the hall first and being alone when the boy arrived he takes the letter, saying he is Jack Manley. While being shown the mechanism of the alarm it occurred to him that it would be a good scheme to cut the wires, then go back and set fire to Fordham's house and burn Doc Wilbur. Being left alone for a moment he carries out his idea. A still alarm is sent in by telephone, however, and then occurs the scene for which the play is built, the departure of the fire laddies. This is the climax of the play. The last act merely straightens out the tangle and disposes of the villain as he deserves. To follow the sudden transitions of the play and the "breaks" made by the different characters is quite a strain on a person's credulity, but so long as the fire scene is seen in the distance one can stand a good deal to get there. After that it rapidly "peters." Mr. Harry Lacy is quite at home as Jack Manley, and gets some very good touches into his work. The other leading parts are very well taken.

The Cawthrons, Herbert and Joe, have been playing to good business at the Academy of Music all week in their well known musical comedy, Little Nugget. The piece is farcical in the extreme. No pretensions are made to do anything else than keep up a storm of laughter and this the Cawthrons are quite capable of doing. Miss Jennie Goldthwaite is sprightly and taking as Little Nugget.

Manager Greene of the Academy takes his benefit on Monday evening, April 28. Louis James in Othello will be the attraction.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's this week Uncle Tom's Cabin has reared its humble and weather beaten form to the public once more and has drawn people to see it almost as well as it did fifteen or twenty years ago. The company playing it is fairly good and contains the familiar names of Harry and Carrie Webber. Uncle Tom is played by Harry Mitchell.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Robert Mantell has a new play for next season called Montrose.

George Edwardes of the London Gaiety Theater has engaged Nat Goodwin for a summer season.

Mrs. Burnett's new play, entitled Nixie, was brought out at Terry's Theater, London, last week and was reported to be a success.

An advance agent who shall be nameless was heard to remark last week that he knew three of the biggest liars in the world; he was one himself, he said, and Blank, of the Stumbling Block company, was the other two.

London threatens to eclipse both Hofmann and Hegner as piano soloists with a baby in long clothes, who is alleged to play Beethoven sonatas very artistically. An anxious world is now only waiting for a Shylock in swaddling clothes.

Watta, the English painter, was Ellen Terry's first husband. He was divorced from her because, according to her account, she did not obey him. He asked her once to wear the costume of some one of her theatrical roles on the occasion of a dinner with his family, and she scandalized the good people by ignoring her later creations and reverting to the days of her courtship, when she was a pantomime fairy, wearing tights and trunks.

A new play by Steele Mackaye was brought out in New York last week. It is an old play of his entitled Through the Dark done over and has been christened Money Mad. Nym Cryne says of it: "The man who could write Hazel Kirke and Paul Kauvar should not have written Money Mad. In no true dramatic sense is Money Mad a pure, an edifying or a beautiful drama. It is egregiously, theatrically effective at the expense of nature and life and that is all that can be said of it."

The Mirror says: "We have had a real cow, milked in the presence of the audience; a real fire-engine and a real washing of sheep, not to speak of real oxen, real chickens, real dogs, real hayseed and real burglars. Why does not some enterprising dramatist, aided and abetted by some progressive manager who knows what's what (also what isn't), show us an abattoir in full operation? Real pigs with real squeals, thrust into a porcoidal apparatus and coming forth in neat shape, ready for market, would be a refreshing and stimulating novelty on the boards. The playwrights and producers must continue to look alive. The great realistic-hunting public will not be satisfied until they have had the privilege of paying \$150 a head to see in theater every blessed every-day thing that they can see outside of it for nothing."

A few days ago a New York daily published an interview with Madame Patti which was widely copied, in which she was represented as having said some very mean things of Mrs. Kendal. She was alleged to have asserted that Mrs. Kendal made a trademark of her personal goodness and that she was in the habit of saying ill-natured things of her sister actresses. Mrs. Kendal, when the article was shown her, wrote a letter stating that she would not believe Patti had spoken in such a manner of her. "Patti is beautiful, rich and the finest singer in the world," she said, "and certainly had no cause for professional jealousy." Thereupon Patti was interviewed in regard to the matter and she denied that she had ever made any such remarks about Mrs. Kendal. She said further that she was disgusted with the reporters and would hereafter deny herself to the press. Thus does the mendacious reporter cause wars and rumors of war.

Married into a Mean Family.

Friend (to dentist)—How are you coming on? Dentist—Not as well as I expected. I've been married now three weeks, and not one of my wife's relatives has been to me to have a tooth pulled.—Texas Siftings.



Nip and Tuck.

For Saturday Night.
We is two twins, my bruvver's me, bout five years old I fink,
We hasn't many fings to do except it's to eat an' drink;
Course we is busy a good 'eal, a playin' ev'ry day,
But now we's hard to work to do—an' that's what I mean to say.
When we was little bits of fings no bigger'an our cat,
Our bruvver named us Nip an' Tuck, an' folks call us 'at;
But now, you know, 'at Nip an' Tuck ain't not our realy
name,
We's got anuvver, but I fink we likes this due the name.

This here is Tuck, an' I is Nip, an' I'd dus like to see

You tell us, wif we was apart, which one was Tuck or me;
They say I's got more cheek 'an him—I don't fink so, do
you?

Fur Jack talks 'bout "two uv a kind," an' "holy terror,"
too;

An' Jack knows ev'ryfing at all—far more 'an all the rest,
He brings us candy, an' pop-corn, an' fings what we like

best;

We's go'n to wear, when we's big men, smaller tails on our
back,

An' we's, too, have some whiskers, an' smoke a pipe—like
Jack.

We goes to Sun'ay school an' church, when 'tisn't in the
night,—

Jack says we'll need a heap of it afore we come out right;

Noted People.

The air in one of the Mikado's palaces in Japan is kept in circulation by electric fans.

Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, uses a phonograph constantly in her literary work.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is about to visit Palestine. She will write an account of her travels, which will be published in the autumn.

Miss Olive Shreiner has completed a volume of allegories entitled *Dreams*. One or two of these have appeared in magazines; the others are new.

There are three *chefs* in the Royal kitchen at Athens: A Danish expert for King George, a Russian artist for Queen Olga, and a Parisian for the guests.

Sir Edward Baines, proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, who died recently at the age of ninety, is said to have been the oldest journalist in Europe.

The Shah of Persia has betrothed to his youngest daughter the little favorite whose appearance excited great interest during the monarch's last visit to Europe.

M. Luigi Palmieri, director of the observatory of Vesuvius, believes that the most trustworthy method of predicting weather will be founded on observations of atmospheric electricity.

A curious searcher in old newspaper files has discovered that Lord Salisbury in 1852, when as yet only Lord Robert Cecil, roughed it on the Colonial gold fields. He is the only British Prime Minister who has ever been in Australia.

Charles Stewart Parnell will soon come to America lecturing for dollars. He is tall, slender, and courteous, and has the air of confirmed ill-health. In manner he is the most imperturbable man in the British Parliament.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, the elder, spends but one thousand dollars a year on dress; Miss Nellie Gould but twenty-five hundred. Mrs. William Astor expends about ten thousand yearly, and the younger generation of Vanderbilts women even more.

Bismarck has three children, of whom he is passionately fond, but his greatest affection is extended to his sister Malvina. He calls her jestingly, "My angel," "My adored one," "My dear little one," etc. The old people where she still lives say, "He treats her like a future wife."

Stopniak, who contemplates an American visit, has for his real name Kaschetsky, but naturally he hesitates bringing a name like that into the free country of Jones, Brown, et al. He is a good speaker. Few know his haunts in London, for his intimates are the refugees of the Russian colony.

Bismarck, ever since his university days, has been known as a chain smoker (*kettensucher*), that is, a smoker who connects his breakfast and his dinner with an endless chain of cigars, each lighted from the stump of the last one. Gambetta once said of him: "Happy man! Beer and smoke agree with him."

The score of Tannhäuser, written with Wagner's own hand and signed with his name, was discovered in the cellar of the theater at Zurich, Switzerland, when the ruins were searched after the fire which destroyed it. Only a few sheets are wanting and the margins alone are burned, the notes being clear and distinct.

It is said that Robert Browning wrote the *Pied Piper* (which, with *How They Brought the Good News*, is perhaps the best known and best liked of his poems) simply to amuse a little lad of whom he was fond, and that he did not think of publishing it till the children's delight in it persuaded him that he had done a good thing.

Sarah M. Freeborn, a native of New York State, is pursuing her chosen vocation, that of sculptor, in Florence. She declares that she wanted neither money nor fame, but was obliged to work for money and even to advertise in order to be successful. "I want my work to be moral and good, to rest people and soothe them with its beauty," she says.

Mrs. Kennan is a great help to George Kennan in his work for the oppressed people of Russia. She recopies manuscripts, reads proofs, translates Russian works, goes over the receipts from his work, and sees to their investment or deposit. Mrs. Kennan is described as a thorough business woman, of considerable business tact, and much personal attractiveness.

The Czar and Czarina recently visited the military prison in St. Petersburg. The beautiful Dagmar, like her sister, the Princess of Wales, has a kindly grace of manner that wins confidence. She inquired of each prisoner the reason of his punishment, and as the happy result of this personal visitation, the Czar ordered the release of sixty prisoners, and a reduction of sentence in the cases of sixty more.

In March, at one time, Queen Victoria was in the south of France, the heir apparent in Germany, and the Prime Minister in the Riviera, a condition of things never before known in England since parliamentary government began. But, doubtless to the amusement of the Sir Leicester Dedlocks, the sun continued not to set upon the British dominions, stocks remained firm, and trade suffered no conscious bereavement.

The statement that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor owns the handsomest black pearls in this country, and for a year or two was not informed of that fact, because she had not taken the trouble to examine the family jewel-box, is enough to prompt a chorus of exclamations from all the women in the country. As a matter of fact, when Mrs. John Jacob Astor died two or three years ago, she left very handsome string of white pearls by will to her lovely daughter-in-law, but the family jewels were taken by the son and placed in a safe-deposit vault. Mrs. Willie Astor probably knew nothing about them except in a very general way, and her husband said nothing, because the Astor ideas with regard to the length and the depth of family mourning are very pronounced. Mrs. Willie Astor was given the family jewels, doubtless, when her husband's mother had been dead two years. Two years is the time that she and her husband will remain in mourning for the late John Jacob Astor, and during that time she will be absolutely retired from society.

Life at Rideau Hall.

By right of position the wife of the Governor-General of Canada is the first lady in the land.

Lady Stanley of Preston, wife of the present Governor, was Miss Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of George, the fourth Earl of Clarendon. In 1864 she married Baron Frederick Arthur Stanley, who was raised to the peerage in 1885 and in 1888 was appointed Governor of

proceed to the wooden building erected at the entrance to the upper skating rink. In the large lower room, looking out on the rink, Lord and Lady Stanley receive, and guests are announced, as in a drawing-room. Etiquette requires that the Governor General should be greeted first, and then Lady Stanley. The reason is obvious, as he represents the Queen.

There are two rinks at Rideau, and three or four toboggan slides. The lower and smaller rink is the prettier of the two, being surrounded by evergreens and lofty trees, like a lovely little frozen lake. The rink-house is a log cabin, altogether a picturesque spot. In the upper room of the larger rink-house tea, coffee, mulled claret, brown and white bread and butter are served. About half-past four the Governor and his guests adjourn to the Rideau Hall ball-room and dancing lasts till about six o'clock. When balls are given the Racquet Court is used for a supper room. From the floor spring gasolines on long slender stems with clusters of lights at the top, the walls are gay with red and white bunting; across one side is placed a long table groaning with every imaginable delicacy, seasonable and unseasonable, and the air is fragrant with rare hot-house plants. The menu is entirely in French, so if the "polite tongue" is unknown the unfortunate, hungry one must throw himself on some one's mercy or starvation stares him in the face. However, most society people are supposed to know enough French to read a menu.

The Hall outside reminds the spectator of nothing so much as a museum. It is square-looking and bare, with large windows which do not enhance its beauty, but the surrounding scenery and grounds are lovely. Hockey, played on the ice, is the favorite pastime of the vice-regal party, who have become adepts at the game.

When the time for recall comes Lady Stanley will leave a monument behind her, a proof of her interest in good works, in the Lady Stanley Training School for Nurses. Her Excellency is always interested in any charitable scheme, but her position as wife of the Governor-General debars her from showing partiality towards strictly denominational or sectarian undertakings whatever her private feelings may be.

The drawing rooms of Government House still bear witness to the artistic taste of the Princess Louise, as many of the doors have

at the game.

As for the lowe rink.

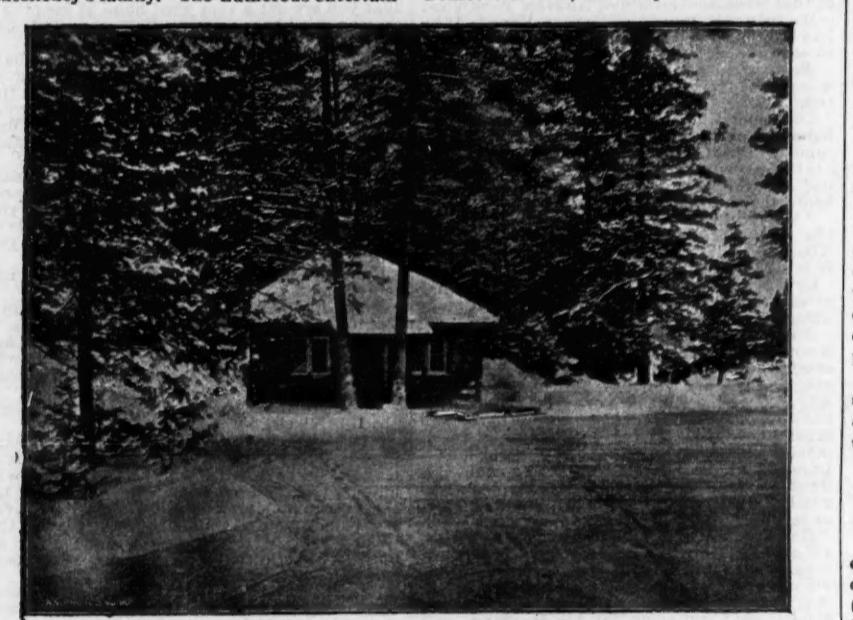


LADY STANLEY OF PRESTON.

Canada. Lord Stanley will some day be Earl of Derby.

Lady Stanley is tall and distinguished looking with a kindly, benevolent face. She is the devoted mother of eight living children, one daughter and seven sons, the eldest of whom about a year ago married the Lady Alice Montague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester, who died a few weeks ago.

There is a pleasant air of wholesomeness, hearty enjoyment about all the members of Her Excellency's family. The numerous enter-



ments given at the Government House at Ottawa are enjoyed by no one more than the members of the vice-regal party themselves. Dancing, skating, driving, hockey and tobogganing parties all have their turn at Rideau Hall and Lady Stanley takes a kindly interest in the pleasures and amusements of the young people about her. She is a charming hostess, and anxious that her guests should have the fullest meal of pleasure. The first drawing room this season, the opening of the House of Parliament and the first of the vice-regal hospitalities, lost half their charm for want of her gracious presence. A severe attack of la grippe, followed by a

panels filled with bits of vine and trailing flowers painted by Her Royal Highness in her leisure moments. The prevailing color of the large drawing room is crimson, that of the smaller, inner drawing room blue. This opens into the conservatory where perpetual summer reigns. Lord Stanley brought many strange and beautiful plants from British Columbia, plants with curious palm-like leaves and clusters of brilliant bell-shaped flowers at the top, sometimes yellow, sometimes crimson or dazzling white.

Lady Stanley, Lady Alice and her husband, all except the Governor, Mr. Arthur Stanley and Capt. and Mrs. Colville left recently for



A VIEW OF THE DRAWING ROOM.

serious relapse, prevented her leaving the house.

With the opening of Parliament the gay season in Ottawa begins. During the months of January, February and March, cards of invitation are issued for a series of Saturday afternoon At Homes, as on this day the members and senators are off duty and are at liberty to amuse themselves. These At Homes are delightful reunions, where all the smartest people—as our English cousins say—meet. Skating, tobogganing and dancing are indulged in from three to six. As the guests arrive they

The World From My Window.

Being for many years an invalid, it has become a habit with me to obtain much of my knowledge of the outside world from my window. From this follows, you would say, that my view of the world is sadly limited and monotonous and that the few figures which fit across the stage are dreamlike and vanish quickly, leaving behind them vague and often incorrect impressions. To this I would answer with a sigh, it may be true, but before turning away from the dream-stage and its ghostly pantomime, come, look with me at the scene from my private box where the curtains are always drawn.

My window is in the third story and although it is a climb, the situation is of the best, I assure you, and the distance above the street one of its chief attractions. In the first place, we are above the telegraph wires which stretch from side to side of the roadway and though when a sharp, frosty morning follows a wet night, they glitter finely in the sun and at all times afford a playground for the sparrows, still I think they give a desolate look to the scene if permanently stretched across the stage.

Let me then introduce you to my friends the birds, some of whom may be always seen. I need hardly mention the sparrows who act the part of chorus, whether it be tragedy or comedy that is upon the stage. My window is shaded by an ancient elm tree. I like to think that in its youth the forest was green around it, then with envy, perhaps, it looked up to the lordly trees that spread their branches far above its head. Time, with crumpling fingers, and the keen destruction of the axe, have spirited away all the others, my elm tree stands alone.

A couple of chestnuts, young growing things of a later date, are not far away, while across the street is a mountain ash or rowan tree. These are the fields and forests where my birds disport themselves.

On the north side from my window is a tall, lonely house, vast and ugly, which has never been inhabited. Gradually it is falling into gloomy disrepair, and in a few years more, I doubt not, some enterprising family of ghosts will take possession of this house without a history. The floors, that have never echoed to passing footsteps, will give forth no sound when these shadowy feet flit over them. A flock of doves, however, won by the silence of the place, have made their home in the eaves and often I am wakened with a start in the early morning by the mourning of my gentle neighbors.

Last Sunday I noticed some commotion among the birds over the way, and upon looking more closely, observed in the rowan tree two grosbeaks, visitors of distinction. They were busy feasting on the rowan berries, having silenced any little resentment which the sparrows at first displayed. Delighted with these bold pirates, I looked long from my window enjoying with them the flavor of the banquet and feasting my eyes on their beautiful plumage.

Thus you see seldom a day passes without some thrill of interest in the feathered world, and the actors play on undisturbed by the quiet spectator, looking out from my window.

MARJORIE.

'Varsity Chat.

Baseball matters this year are in the hands of a committee who have announced that candidates for positions on the team must present themselves forthwith. The final selection will be made from a chosen fifteen. Practice has already begun.

Professor Ashley delivered his last lecture in Political Philosophy on Monday. Prof. Alexander had about finished also, but has consented to meet the wishes of his class in the fourth year by giving two additional lectures on Coleridge. Lectures which are attended at this late day must be considered especially valuable.

Parkdale Collegiate Institute set a noble example to similar institutions by contributing over four hundred dollars to the library fund. Thank you, Parkdale. The fund steadily increases though not too fast. It will, however, be more satisfactory in the end to know that the sum has been contributed by a very large number of individuals. It is to the masses the University looks for support. The latest of those who have earned our gratitude are Professors Panton and Richardson from Guelph Agricultural College, who gave an illustrated lecture on the Kentucky Mammoth Cave on Friday, in the Biological Department.

Mr. W. S. McLay of McMaster has been appointed editor-in-chief of the revived *Varsity*. He will be aided by a strong staff of sub-editors. At one dollar a year, with enthusiasm fresh, the paper will doubtless start with a large undergraduate circulation. Grads. and outsiders are taxed double.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

On Monday morning last a most enthusiastic meeting of those interested in baseball was held in the reading-room when the following officers were elected: President, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; sec-treas., Mr. F. B. Howden; curator, Mr. W. H. White; committee, Messrs. Grout, Pringle and Garrett. The first match of the season will probably be played with the Wycliffe College B. B. C. Immediately after the baseball meeting, officers were appointed by the Tennis Club for the coming season; the following were chosen: President, Rev. E. C. Cayley, M.A.; sec-treas., Mr. J. G. L. Abbott; committee, Messrs. Loucks and Gemmill. The court has been already rolled several times and is looking beautifully green and level, and in another week with fine weather it is expected to be in good condition for playing.

The library, consisting of 3,000 volumes, so generously donated to Trinity by Rev. Prof. Boyce is already catalogued, and the various works have found their places in the shelves of the college library. Those books of which Trinity possessed duplicates have been secured by the University of Toronto.

Arrangements have been made for a second

course of six Ambulance Lectures to be delivered in Convocation Hall of Trinity University during Easter term. The lectures will be delivered on successive Friday afternoons at 3:30 p.m., beginning on April 12. The following lecturers have kindly consented to take part: Drs. Grasett, Ryerson, McLaughlin, Sheard, Davison and Miss Snively. The subjects to be treated will be as follows: Surgical Hints, Voice and How to Preserve It, Facts concerning Health, Habits and Occupations, Physiological Phenomena, Medical Emergencies, The Sick Room, etc. The lecture by Dr. Alice McLaughlin on Facts Concerning Health and by Miss Snively on the Sick Room are for ladies only. Tickets for the entire course \$2. Single lectures 50 cents. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Body, Trinity College; Mrs. Oster, Avenue road; Mrs. Molson Sprague, 17 Wilcox street.

CECUS.

Why Are Clever People So Ugly?

A peculiar question to ask, rather, is it not? But not altogether a foolish one. While men who have muscles of iron, nerves of steel, frames of Spartans, and the intellectual attainments of a third-form schoolboy, are frequently models of manly beauty, distinguished philosophers, men of science, professors of learning, authors and poets, can generally be easily detected in a room full of company by their little withered bodies, large heads and shrivelled faces.

Nor are the gentler sex exceptions to this rule, for whereas your frolicsome miss is as charming and lovable as she is intellectually deficient, your lady of culture is just as certain to be lame, hock-headed, queer, and far from beautiful. It would be hard to instance examples now living to bear out our theory, but there can be no harm in pointing out that somebody might have been forgiven for confusing Darwin with one of the monkeys from which he alleged the human race to be derived. George Eliot, too, was a lady of remarkable physical disadvantages.

Carlyle was as rough and unkempt in appearance as an old and worn-out coal porter, for all that he had one of the most wonderful intellects ever found in a man.

Everybody is aware of the sad sight afforded by a lad said to be exceptionally clever, whose parents considered him a future senior wrangler at the least. A youth with no trace of youth about him—a strange machine for absorbing knowledge.

As for an overworked schoolgirl! Why, there are few more unpleasant spectacles than she presents.

Amongst young men, how many ladies would undoubtedly award the palm for physical grace and attractiveness to the scamp, the scoundrel, the reckless young fellow who never reads a book from one year's end to another, rather than to the studious, conscientious, weak-eyed undergraduate, who means to take high honors in the schools?

Tony Jones and Lovelace, handsome and captivating, are types of men whose animal natures predominate over their intellects; and a few even good and well-brought-up girls would turn their backs upon them for really excellent men, as clever and honest as, unfortunately, they are ugly. It is not in human nature to do so.

It almost seems to reflective minds that we were not meant to pore over books beyond a certain point, since nearly every author, from Solomon to Edgar Poe—and enough is left to the imagination there, surely—has had something to say upon the matter of intellect being wedded to ugliness or infirmity.

For instance, Solomon says, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh," and "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Now weariness and sorrow do not make a man round, and jolly, and good-looking—do they?

Shakespeare speaks of learning as being "lean and wasteful." It is quite true that many cultivated people are lean and wasteful—learning has that effect upon them.

Tom Hood writes of Eugene Aram as follows:

"Much study had made him very lean
And pale, and leaden-eyed."
Now, the fact of an individual being "lean, and pale, and leaden-eyed," would not serve him greatly as a recommendation to the good graces of any gentle young lady.

In fact it appears indisputable that a man or woman who has consecrated his or her life to the pursuit of knowledge will hardly serve as a model for an Apollo or a Venus. On the other hand, there are scores of reckless young scamps and flighty young damsels about who are, physically, quite worthy of being painted on canvas as classical specimens of human perfection physically considered.

Therefore it is not illogical to ask, were we intended to occupy the best years of our lives in sucking up all manner of instruction, a vast deal of which we shall never require, since there can be no question as to the havoc it makes with our physical constitution?

Surely if cleverness were such a blessing to mankind it would never have so villainous a habit of making its unhappy possessors ugly, you would think.

A handsome man, whose life is devoted to study, and to that alone, is quite an exception; a beautiful lady of "high intellectual attainments," as the papers term it, is a rarity.

But clever people, whose bodies are bent, frail, perhaps deformed like Pope's, whose eyes are assisted by spectacles, whose skins are something like parchment, whose manners are odd and grotesque, whose dress is eccentric, who are indeed the very incarnation of ugliness, to put it honestly, absurd and flourish exceedingly.

Is it that Providence declines to bless us with both of its true great gifts—physical and intellectual perfection—that we find where one is the other assuredly is not?

If that isn't it, and cleverness is a virtue, we may be pardoned for wondering why clever people are so ugly.

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED.

She rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Jenkins, who appeared almost at once and led the girl into Hubert's deserted sitting-room.

"Oh, miss, I'm so glad you have come!" she said. "For we can't get Mr. Lepel to be quiet at all, and we were just on the point of sending off for you, because he calls for you constant, and the doctor says, 'Could you get the lady that he talks about to come and sit beside him for a little time? That might calm him,' he says; 'and, if we calm him, we may save his life.'"

"Oh, he is so ill as that?" cried Cynthia.

"He couldn't be much worse, miss, the doctor says. Can you stay, miss, now you're here? Just for an hour or two at any rate!"

"I can stay as long as I can be of any use," said the girl desperately. "Nobody wants me—nobody will ask for me; it is better for me to be here."

The words fell unheeded on Mrs. Jenkins' ears. All that she cared about was the welfare of her husband's employer. Both Jenkins and his wife adored Mr. Lepel, and the thought that he might die in this illness had been agony to them—and not on their own account alone. They genuinely believed in Miss West's power of soothing and calming him, and Mrs. Jenkins could not do enough for the girl's comfort.

"You'll take off your things here, miss, will you not? And then I'll take you to Mr. Lepel's own room. But wouldn't you like a glass of wine or a cup of tea or something before you go in? You look terrible tired and harassed like, miss; and what you are going to see isn't exactly what will do you good." Poor Mr. Lepel he do look dreadful—and that's the long and the short of it!"

"I don't want anything, thank you, Mrs. Jenkins," said Cynthia, faintly smiling; "and I should like to go to Mr. Lepel at once."

"Have you ever seen anything of sick people, miss, or done any nursing?"

"Never, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Don't be too frightened then, miss, when you first see Mr. Lepel. People with fever often look worse than they really are."

Cynthia set her lips; if she was frightened, she would not show it, she resolved.

Then, after some slight delay, she was admitted to Hubert's room; and there, in spite of her resolution, at first she stood agape.

It startled her to perceive that, although she knew his face so well, she might not have recognized it in an uncustomized place. It was discolored, and the eyes were bloodshot and wandering; the hair had been partially cut away from his head, and the stubble of an unshaven beard showed itself on cheeks and chin. A romance that might have existed in the mind of a girl of twenty concerning her lover's illness was struck dead at once and for ever. He was ill—terribly ill and delirious; he looked at her with a madman's eyes, and his face was utterly changed; his voice too, as he raised it in the constant stream of incoherent talk that escaped his lips, was hoarse and rasping and unnatural. Anything less interesting, less attractive to a weak soul than this delirious fever-stricken man could not well be imagined; but Cynthia's soul was anything but weak.

She was conscious that never in her life had she loved Hubert Lepel so intensely, so devotedly as she loved him now. Something of the maternal instinct awakened within her at the sight of his great need. He had no one to minister to his more subtle wants—not one to tend him out of pure love and sympathy. The man Jenkins, who sat beside the bed, ready to hold him down if in his delirium he should attempt to throw himself out of the window, was awkward and uncouth in a sick-room. Mrs. Jenkins, although ready and willing to help, was longing to steal away to her little children at home. The landlady down-stairs had announced that she could not possibly undertake to wait upon an invalid. All these facts became clear to Cynthia in a very little time. She saw, as soon as she entered the room, that the window-blind was awry and the curtains were wrongly hung, that the table and chest of drawers were crowded with an untidy array of bottles, cups, and glasses, and that the whole aspect of the place was desolate. This fact did not concern her at present however; her attention was given wholly and at once to the sick man.

She stood for a minute or two at the foot of the bed, realising with a pang the fact that he did not know her. His eyes rested upon her as he spoke; but there was no recognition in them. She could not hear all he said; but, between strings of incoherent words and unintelligible phrasés, some sentences caught her ear.

"She will not come," said the sick man. "She has given me up entirely! Quite right too! The world would say that she was perfectly right. And I am in the wrong—always—I have always been wrong; and there is no way out of it. Some one said that to me once—no way out of it—no way out of it—but that is it—oh, Heaven!"

The sentence ended with a moan of agony which made Cynthia writhe with pain.

"He always," saying that, Jenkins whispered to her. "No way out of it!" He keeps coming back to that as—if there was something on his mind."

Cynthia raised her hand to silence him. The torrent of words broke out again.

"It was not all my fault. It was Flossy's fault; but one cannot betray a woman, one's sister—or one's self! Even she could do that. But she has gone away, and she will never come back again. Cynthia! Cynthia! I might call as long as I pleased—she would never come to me again. Cynthia! Cynthia, my love!"

"I am here, dear—I am here, beside you," said Cynthia.

But he did not seem to understand. She touched his hot hand with her own, and smoothed his fevered brow. The restless tongue went on.

"She has given me up, and I shall never see her any more! She gave me too hard a task; I could not do it—not all at once. It is done now. Yes, I have done it, and it has divided us for ever. Why did you make me speak, Cynthia? He was not miserable—he was happy. But I am to be miserable for ever and ever now. There is no way out of the misery—no way out of it—darkness and loneliness all my life, and worse afterwards. Cynthia, Cynthia, you are sending me to perdition!"

He half rose from his bed, and made as if he would struggle with her. Jenkins came to the rescue; but Cynthia would not move aside.

"Lie down, dearest," she was saying—"lie down and rest. Cynthia is here—Cynthia is with you; she will never leave you any more unless you send her away. Lie down, my darling, and try to rest."

He did not understand the words; but the sweet rhythm of her voice caught his ear. He fell back upon the pillows, staring, helpless, subdued. She kept her cool hand upon his brow.

"Is that Cynthia?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, dearest, it is Cynthia."

"How kind of her to come!" said Hubert, looking away from the girl as if Cynthia were on the other side of the room. "But she should not look so angrily at me. I have done what I could, you know. It is all right now, Cynthia; I have done what I could—I have saved him—indeed I have! I'll take the punishment—no way out of it but that! A life sentence—a life sentence for me!"

The words died away upon his lips in a confused babble that they could not understand. He murmured inarticulately for a time, but there came long pauses between the words, his eyelids drooped a little, and he grew perceptibly less flushed. In about half an hour the doctor came into the room. He cast a swift look at Cynthia, and another at his patient;

then he nodded sagaciously.

"Better," he said curtly. "I thought so. Some more ice, Jenkins. He has been quieter since you came. Come, conduct madam!"

Cynthia bowed her head.

"You are the lady for whom he has been asking so often? I know your face—Miss Cynthia West, I believe? Can you stay?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, without hesitation.

"If you keep him as quiet as that, you will save his life," said the doctor; and then he beckoned Jenkins out of the sick-room and gave him various stringent orders and recommendations—to all which Jenkins lent an attentive if a somewhat puzzled ear.

The doctor looked in again before he went away. Mr. Lepel was lying back on his pillows perfectly motionless and silent; Miss West, kneeling beside the bed, still kept one hand on his, while with the other she put cooling applications to his head or merely laid her hand upon his forehead. As long as she was touching him the patient seemed perfectly content. And again the doctor nodded—and this time he also smiled.

So passed the hours of that long summer day.

CHAPTER XL.

When the light was fading a little, there was a new sound in Hubert Lepel's sick-room—the rustle of a silk dress, the tripping of little high-heeled shoes across the floor. Cynthia looked round hastily, ready to hush the intruder; for Hubert was much quieter than he had been, and only mumbled incoherent sentences from time to time. A fresh outburst of delirium was of all things to be warded off if possible, and there was a faint hope that he might sleep. If he slept, his life, humanly speaking, was saved. But it was hardly likely that sleep would come so soon.

Cynthia looked round, prepared to rebuke the new comer—for she had taken upon herself all the authority of nurse and queen-regnant in the sick man's room; but her eyes fell upon a stranger whose face was yet not altogether unknown to her. She had seen it years before in the Beechfield lanes: she remembered it vaguely without knowing to whom it belonged. In her earlier years at school that face had stood in the memory as the type of all that was cold and cruel and fair in ancient art or story, or fable or legend. It had figured as Medusa's Circé, the wonderful wicked woman of the Middle Ages had come to her in vision, with just such subtle eyes, such languorous beauty, such fair white skins and yellow hair; the witch woman of her weirdest dream had had the look of Florence Lepel; just as Hubert's far different features, with the dark melancholy expression of suffering stamped upon them, had stood for her as those of Fouqué's ideal knights, or of Sir Tristram riding through the dark valley, of Lancelot sinning and repenting, of saint, hero, martyr, paladin, in turn, until she grew old enough to banish such foolish dreams. She had been a strangely imaginative child; and these two faces seemed to have haunted her all her life. That her hero lay beside her, stricken with illness, fevered, insensible; that of the evil woman—for this Cynthia instinctively believed Florence Vane to be—confronted her with a strange, mocking, malignant smile.

Cynthia put up her hand.

"Hush!" she said quietly. "He is not to be disturbed."

"Are you the nurse?" said Mrs. Vane's cool light voice.

"I am a friend," replied Cynthia quietly. "If you wish to talk to me, I will come into the other room."

"Upon my word, you take things very calmly!" said Florence. "I really never dream—It is a most embarrassing situation!"

But she did not look embarrassed in the least; neither did Cynthia.

A heavier step on the boards now made itself heard, and the General's face, ruddy and framed in venerable gray hairs, pressed forward over his wife's shoulder.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—this is very bad!" he grumbled, either to himself or to Flossy. "Poor lad—poor lad! He looks very ill—he does indeed!"

Flossy came closer to the bed. As soon as she drew near, her brother seemed to grow uneasy; he began to turn his head from side to side, to move his hands and to mutter incoherently words.

"You disturb him," said Cynthia, looking at Mrs. Vane. "The doctor says that he must be kept perfectly quiet. Will you kindly go into the other room, and, if you want me, I will come to you."

"We are not particularly likely to want you, young woman," said Florence coldly. "If you are not a qualified nurse, I do not see why you should try to turn Mr. Lepel's own sister out of the room. It is your place to go not mine."

For all answer Cynthia turned again to Hubert, and began applying ice to his fevered head. She seemed absorbed by her task, and took no further notice of the visitors. For once Flossy felt herself a little quelled.

She turned to Mrs. Jenkins, who had followed her into the room.

"Has not the doctor procured a proper nurse for Mr. Lepel?" she said.

Mrs. Jenkins fidgeted, and looked at Cynthia.

"The young lady," she said at last, "seems to be doing all that is required, ma'am. The doctor says as we couldn't do better."

"In that case, my dear," said the pacific general, "I think that we had better not interfere with existing arrangements. We will go back to the hotel and inquire again in the morning."

"Go back to the hotel, and leave that person in possession!" cried Flossy, with fine and virtuous scorn. "Are you mad, general? I will not put up with such a thing for a moment! That will go out of this house before I go!"

These words reached Cynthia's ears. The girl simply smiled. The smile said, as plainly as words could have done, that she would not leave Hubert Lepel's rooms unless she was taken away from them by force.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jenkins was whispering and explaining, the general was expostulating, and Flossy waxed apparently more and more irate every moment. Cynthia, with her hand on Hubert's pulse, felt it growing faster; his incoherent words were spoken with energy; he was beginning to raise his head from the pillow and gaze about him with wild excited eyes. She turned sharply towards the visitors.

"Go into the other room at once!" she said, with sudden decision. "You have aroused him already—you have done him alarm! Keep silence or go, if you wish to save his life!"

The passionate ring of her voice, low though it was, had its effect. The general stopped short in a sentence; Mrs. Jenkins looked at the bed with a frightened air; Flossy, with an impatient gesture, walked towards the sitting-room. But at the door she paused and looked back at Cynthia, whose eyes were still fixed upon her. What there was in them looked like a challenge—one else might; but it magnetised Cynthia. The girl rose from Hubert's finger and signed to Mrs. Jenkins to take her place. Then after watching for a moment to see that the patient lay quietly and did not seem distressed by her departure, she followed Mrs. Vane into the other room. The general hovered about the door, uncertain whether to go or to remain.

"Jenkins," she said, "it is very important that we should have the doctor here at once. Mrs. Vane—General Vane—want—"

"Give your own orders, general," said Flossy abruptly. She could not lose a chance of an-

noying and insulting Cynthia.

"H'm, ha—the doctor, my man," said the general, rather taken aback by the demands upon him—"get us the doctor as soon as you can. Tell him—tell him that Mr. Lepel's relatives are here, and no doubt he will come

stained, or gilded wood. Cheese cloth window draperies may be given a beautiful tint of dipping into a week solution of Diamond Dyes

of any desired tint.

There was a little silence in the room when Jenkins had disappeared upon his errand. The general stood, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking out of a window; Mrs. Vane had sunk into a chair, in which she lay back, her graceful neck turned aside, as if she wanted to avoid the sight of Cynthia, who meanwhile stood upon the hearthrug, head bent and hands folded, waiting gravely and patiently for what she felt to be the decision on her fate.

Presently Mrs. Vane moved a little, fixed her cold eyes on the motionless figure before her, and spoke in tones as low that they did not reach the general's ears.

"What have you done with your father?"

Cynthia raised her eyes to Mrs. Vane's face for a moment with a flash of scorn in their lustrous depths. She made no other answer.

"You need not think," said Florence, deliberately, "that I do not know where he has been.

"Yes; you set your spies on him," said Cynthia, in equally low but bitter tones. "I was aware of that."

"I know of his movements up to eleven o'clock this morning, and so do the police," said Mrs. Vane. "He came to you this morning—perhaps by appointment, perhaps not—how do I know?—and you drove away with him to St. Pancras station. There you took his ticket to Liverpool—there you said good bye. Why did you not wait to see him off? The answer is easy to read—because he never went to Liverpool at all. Did you think we were children like yourself that you could throw dust in our eyes as easily as that?"

Flossy laughed merrily.

"A good laugh! Is he not quiet now, with the woman Jenkins at his side? You will perhaps allow that his relatives—his family—have some right to attend to him during his illness; and I must really say very plainly—since you compel me to do so—that I should prefer to have him nursed by a professional nurse, and not by a young girl whose very presence here is a scandal to all propriety."

Cynthia drew herself up to her full height.

"I think I can scarcely understand you," she said. "I am acting under the doctor's orders, and am here by his authority. There can be no scandal in that. When Mr. Lepel is conscious and can speak me, I will go."

"Spare you! He will be only too glad to spare you!" cried Mrs. Vane. "I do not know what your connection with him has been—I do not want to know—it is the insinuation conveyed by her tone and manner was felt by Cynthia to be in itself an insult; but this I am fully convinced of, that my poor brother could not possibly have known that you were the daughter of that wretched criminal, Andrew Westwood—the man who murdered Sydney Vane! If he had known that, he would never have wished to see your face again!"

She saw the girl wince, as if she had received a cut with a whip, and for a moment she triumphed.

The general, who was just inside the room, listening anxiously to the conversation, now came to her aid. He stepped forward hurriedly, his face growing crimson, his lower jaw working, his eyes seeming to turn in his head as he heard the words.

"What is that? What—is this young person the daughter of Westwood the murderer?"

"Abominable! What business has she here? It is an insult to us all!"

Cynthia turned upon him like a wild animal at bay, defiance flashing in her mournful magnificient dark eyes.

"My presence insulted you less than the words Mrs. Vane has spoken insult me!" she cried, tossing back her head with the proud stately gesture which Hubert had learned to know so well. "She is more cruel than I ever thought one woman could be to another! She must know that I have nothing to reproach myself with—that my life is as pure as hers—pure, if all one hears is true. She could not denounce herself the vengeful taunt, but was recalled to her better self when she saw Florence blanch under it and suddenly draw back. About myself I do not choose to speak. Of my father I will say just one word—to you, sir, who I am sure will be just, at least, to one who craves only for justice—my father, sir, was innocent of the crime for which he was condemned; and some day his innocence will be manifested before all eyes. Mr. Lepel knows—he knew before he was taken ill—that I am Andrew Westwood's daughter. I told him a few days ago."

"And he was so much horrified by the news that this illness is the result. I see now," said Mrs. Vane, coolly, "why this break-down has taken place. The poor boy, general, has been so harassed and overcome by the discovery that his brain has for the time being given away. And yet this girl pretends that he wants her to remain!"

"I appeal to the doctor!" said Cynthia, suddenly turning as white as Florence herself had done. "If he supports me, you will yield to his decision? If he says that I am not necessary here, I will go. I have no wish to inflict my presence on those to whom it is unwelcome."

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XLII.

The summer night waned and the dawn of another day was come, rising in the east with a glow and beauty of gold and crimson which flushed the horizon with faint roseate clouds. In the old red brick house by the riverside the servants were beginning to move about softly, extinguishing the lamps which had been burning all through the night and speaking to each other in lowered tones.

In one of the smaller sitting-rooms on the ground floor the golden light crept in at the uncurtained windows and fell upon the form of a man who sat with his arms crossed on the table and his head bowed upon them. Through the short fragrant summer night he had sat there, in the room where he had recovered from his swoon, leaving it only for a few minutes when he yielded to Lord Sevon's entreaties to change his wet clothes.

The young earl had remained with him through that sad night. He did not like Hugh's haggard looks and mournful eyes, and he proved himself a kind and sympathetic friend.

"I never thought he cared so much for his wife!" he had said to himself. "But he is evidently awfully cut up, poor beggar! And Graham thinks she is dying."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and no one but Hugh Cameron himself, and perhaps Stanley, keeping an equally sleepless vigil in one of the upper chambers, knew the suffering he endured during those night hours, when the deathlike stillness reigned unbroken, save by some slight sound from the room above, where Laura Cameron lay dying.

Doctor Graham had given no hope; the shock of her accident—they called it an accident, although they knew quite well that the word was not the right one—could not but prove fatal to so delicate a woman, although of course all means were tried to strengthen the faint spark of life which might at any moment be extinguished.

She was dying; and Hugh Cameron, through those dark dreadful hours, began to feel as if he were her murderer. There was no one to remind him of the heart-weakness which would sooner or later have been fatal to her. He thought of her as she had been on the morning of that day—erect, beautiful, queenly; he thought of her as he had faced him in the gay little summer house, how she had fallen at his feet in her remorse and repentance, and how he had snatched her. He had again gone through the scenes of the preceding day—the church, the gay wedding-party, the mally-clad groups, Stanley in her white gown standing among the bridesmaids; Francis Ashton's office, where he had learned his wife's treachery; the swift drive from town; his cousin's sneering voice; Stanley with her tender arms about his wife; Laura with her beautiful head resting on the bosom of the girl she had wronged—Laura who was dying.

He felt stunned and stupefied as he sat there; the fierce agony he had suffered during the evening and which he had vainly sought to ease by the restless wanderings which had brought about his presence at the riverside had died down to this benumbed anguish which made the daylight seems a mockery.

Towards dawn Lord Sevon had fallen asleep in his arm-chair; and he was still sleeping when, in the golden light of the early summer day, Marian opened the door of the room where they were, and, coming softly in, put her hand upon her nephew's bowed head. He looked up, starting a little, with wild and bloodshot eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Dr. Graham thinks you had better come," said Lady Marian gently; and Hugh rose and put his hand to his head with a strange troubled gesture of bewilderment pain as he followed her from the room.

Lady Marian had put off the rich dress she had worn at the garden-party, and had replaced it with a loose soft gown; she looked worn and haggard and sorrowful in the bright daylight as she went up the shallow staircase and entered a room opening on to the first landing. It was a large, low-ceiled, old-fashioned bed-chamber, furnished in the same perfect taste which distinguished all the house; the windows were opened as if to admit as much air as possible; they looked over the velvety green and towards the river, which gleamed like molten gold in the sunshine. The flowers were blooming in the parterres with all the freshness and vigor of renewed life. Within the old house was the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death.

There was a low white bed in the center of the room, and Laura was lying motionless upon it; her face was colorless, and that mournful shadow rested heavily on her sunken eyes and down features.

Dr. Graham, very grave and sorrowful, looking pale and worn, sat beside the bed, his fingers on the brawny wrist of one of the little hands which lay outside the coverlet; Stanley was half leaning, half kneeling on the other side, her eyes resting on Laura's face, which was turned slightly towards her, the morning light falling tenderly upon her pale beauty, which was heightened just then by an expression of tender pity, of infinite compassion.

Hugh glanced at Stanley as he drew near the bed; but she did not move or look at him. There were no tears in his aching eyes as he rested on his wife; but his lips quivered as he stood there, gaunt and haggard, worn with passion and grief, looking out of harmony with the still solemnity and peace of the room. He forgot her sin against him then; he remembered only her love; and his hand shook as he put it gently upon hers, from which they had removed all the rings save her wedding-ring. It rested, chill and passive, beneath his own; there was no returning pressure to show that she felt the touch which a few hours before would have thrilled her.

"She is not dead!" he whispered hoarsely.

"No," said the physician; "but she is dying, my poor fellow!"

She seemed scarcely to breathe, although her lips were slightly parted. A great penitence rose in Hugh's heart and trembled on his lips as he watched her; then he bent down and pressed his lips long and tenderly before her.

He whispered, "You forgive?"

"No," said the physician; "but she is dying, my poor fellow!"

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"She is not dead!" he whispered hoarsely.

"No," said the physician; "but she is dying, my poor fellow!"

He obeyed, supporting her tenderly with his strong arms. The faint smile deepened in the eyes from which the sight was gone.

"Ah, that is good!" she breathed; and, as her head, with its wealth of golden hair, sank upon his shoulder, a long sigh came from her quivering lips, and with the light of the glad June day upon her face she lay dead.

Laura Cameron drew her last breath so calmly that only the physician knew when life passed from her. He rose, and, taking her from her husband's arms, laid her gently back upon the pillows; and his action told them all, Hugh raised his head, his face as colorless as that of his dead wife. Stanley stood up pale and trembling. Lady Marian's maid, an old and faithful attendant, came forward quietly from the other end of the room, and as quietly Dr. Graham put his hand upon Hugh's arm and led him from the room.

A little while after, walking down the corri-

dor, the kind old doctor met Stanley coming slowly towards him. He took her hands in his, and said:

"This has been a terrible experience for you, my poor child! Your father and I are going to take you back to town presently. She does not suffer any longer," he added, seeing the pain on her face.

Stanley looked vacantly at the kind old man for a moment; her strength, tried to the uttermost in the last twenty-four hours, failed her now; she put her hand to her throat with a pathetic gesture, and Dr. Graham caught her in his arms as she fell.

It was only a slight faintness, during which consciousness did not leave her; but she looked white and weak enough on her recovery to make Sir Humphrey wish to hasten their departure. He himself looked old and haggard as he stood in the light of the radiant summer day waiting for Scanley. Doctor Graham, standing near them, was looking rather curiously at Francis Ashton's face, which was set as in a mask of iron; but there was a strange pallor upon it, and his eyes glittered with an unnatural brightness.

Presently Stanley came out, a soft white shawl wrapped round her, her heavily-plumed hat looking strange and incongruous in the early morning light which passed Francis Ashton without a sign of recognition and stepped into the carriage. Her father noticed her neglect, but attributed it to her trouble and sorrow; he took a kind leave of the lawyer and son; and got into the carriage. Doctor Graham followed; and Francis Ashton bowed low as they drove away.

For a few minutes after the carriage had disappeared the lawyer stood still and motionless on the threshold; then he turned away and went up the shallow oaken stairs. As he reached the landing, his mother's maid and the housekeeper, both old and faithful servants, came out of the room where Laura Cameron lay, locking the door behind them. They curseyed, glancing at him keenly but covertly; but he passed on in silence and entered his own apartments, which were on the same floor, but lower down the corridor.

When a short time later, he came out again, the gallery was deserted: there was no one to see him as he made his way swiftly and noiselessly to the locked door.

The key was in the lock, and, without a moment's hesitation, he turned it, opened the door, and entered the room, which was still with the stillness of death. The blinds were drawn down; but they were insufficient to keep out the light of the June day, which rested tenderly in soft radiance upon the white motionless form of the woman who had sinned and who had suffered.

She had been beautiful in her life; she was even more beautiful in her death, lying there in her solemn delicate loveliness like a lily broken at the stem.

Death had brought to her face a look of early youth; it was scarcely a woman's face which lay upon the white pillows, but a girl's. To the man who looked at her it seemed as if it was the girl he had loved in his youth who rested there—as if the last twelve bitter years had never been.

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Dr Smith—Yes!
Travis—Spicy, was it?
Dr Smith—Well, I should say so. Sixty-five of us went out three times for cloves.

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Plan of reserved seats open to the public on Monday, April 21, at Messrs. Nordheimer's music store. Reserved seats \$1 and 50¢. Upper gallery 25¢.
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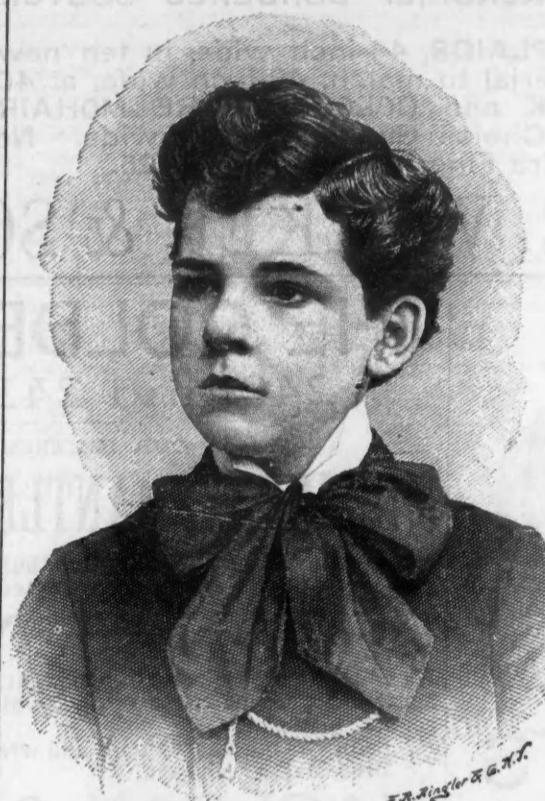
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Births.

BURTON—At 121 Major street, Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. Will S. Burton—a son.
AUSTIN—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. George R. Austin—a son.

BRAY—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. James Bray—a daughter.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. W. R. Clarke—a son.

GARTSHORE—At North Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. John J. Gartshore—a son.

ALLAN—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. Frank B. Allan—a son.

GILLESPIE—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. John Gillespie—a son.

HANCOCK—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. H. Hancock—a son.

PEARSON—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. Arthur Pearson—a son.

WILSON—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. H. A. Wilson—a daughter.

MILNE—At Toronto, on April 10, Mrs. T. A. Milne—a daughter.

PATTISON—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. J. T. Pattison Jr.—a daughter.

WATSON—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. R. Watson—a daughter.

MCCARTHY—At Barrie, on April 6, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy—a son.

GILVERSON—At Toronto, on April 13, Mrs. A. E. Gilverson—a daughter.

MCINTOSH—At Toronto, on April 11, Mrs. J. I. McIntosh—a son.

BRAZILL—At Toronto, on March 25, Mr. F. P. Brazill—a son.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on April 15, James Fraser Macdonald to Mary Evelyn Milligan.

DICKSON—HARDY—At Galt, on April 10, John M. Dickson to Anna Hardy.

PARSONS—MCNAULAND—At Toronto, on April 15, Charles Stuart Parsons to Miriam Eva McNauland.

BLAKENEY—FAIRWEATHER—At Ottawa, on April 9, Henry Blakeney to Rebecca Kathleen Fairweather.

JONES—CURZON—At Toronto, on April 10, Arthur E. Jones to Eliza Curzon.

HAGGARD—LOW—At Agra, India, on March 1, Claude Mason Haggard to Maude Low of Simcoe.

CHARTERIS—McFARLANE—At Thanesville, on April 9, Francis Wemyss Charteris to Janet Ferguson McFarlane.

JONES—ROACH—At Hamilton, on April 9, Charles Arthur Jones to Clara Emily Roach.

McCULLOCH—SYMMES—At Niagara Falls South, on April 9, Hugh McCulloch to Agnes H. Symmes.

ELLIOT—KIRKHAM—At Highland Creek, on April 10, Archie T. Elliot to Harriet E. Kirkham.

Deaths.

McCaffry—At Toronto, on April 10, Mary McCaffry, aged 16 years.

MUSSON—At Toronto, on April 14, Mrs. H. Musson, aged 59 years.

SPENCE—At Toronto, Thomas Spence, aged 59 years.

SQUIRE—On April 7, only son of Nathaniel J. and Helen Squire, aged 4 years.

SURREY—At Deer Park, on April 9, Mrs. Margaret Burke, aged 65 years.

MCNAULAND—At Toronto, on April 12, Mrs. Alexander Macnauland.

BAIN—At Toronto, on April 12, Douglas Bain, aged 7 years.

DOBSON—At Bowmanville, on April 13, Mrs. Jenima Dobson, aged 70 years.

WILLOUGHBY—At Brantford, on April 13, Rev. William Willooughby, aged 79 years.

MC GILL—At Little York, on April 14, Mrs. William McGill, aged 67 years.

YOUNG—At Toronto, on April 14, W. J. Young, aged 88 years.

MCRAKEN—At Toronto, on April 15, Mrs. Thomas McRaken, aged 59 years.

HODGETTS—At Toronto, on April 15, infant son of Thos. Hodgetts, aged 11 months.

MC BELLING—At Toronto, on April 11, Alexander Marling, 118 Bloor Street, aged 7 years.

OREGAN—At Toronto, on April 11, Clarkson Barrett O'Regan, aged 3 years.

WICKSON—At Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Chilver Wickson, aged 72 years.

BENSON—At Toronto, on April 16, Mrs. Annie Nancy Benson, aged 96 years.

HUTCHISON—At Toronto, on April 12, Wm. Hutchison, aged 45 years.

HOFLAND—At Toronto, Mrs. J. Hoiland.

HAM—At Whitby, on April 14, Mrs. Eliza A. E. Ham, aged 75 years.

LAWRENCE—At Cornwall, England, on April 11, General Sir John Henry Lefroy, K.C.M.G., C.B., aged 72.

MC NEIL—At Ashland, Wis., on April 14, John B. McNeil.

TENNANT—At Paris, on April 14, Mrs. Marian Tennant.

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